F O R U M
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The Declaration of Lima

Editorial Foreword

THE "NORTHERN DEMOCRACIES" is the term we like to use to describe the smaller countries of northern Europe who manage to keep on an even keel of trade, prosperity, and good will whenever war or economic isolation threatens the larger nations. They maintain free ports in which the ships of every nation can do business without interruption from local customs. Their own merchant fleets enjoy the freedom of the seven seas and carry cargoes of foreign nations from port to port on the opposite side of the globe.

Denmark, Norway, and Sweden look at world affairs at long range. People there attach the very greatest importance to everything that happens in the Western Hemisphere. In the Declaration of Lima and the high resolves of amity made by the twenty-one republics of the Americas during Secretary Hull's last visit to South America they saw the best news for democracy in 1938.

As the Declaration of Lima, December 24, 1938, is one of the monumental documents of our times, its paragraphs are worth requoting.

> Declaration of the Solidarity of America.
> Eighth Inter-American Conference of American States.
> Considering:
> That the peoples of America have achieved spiritual unity through the similarity of their republican institutions, their unshakeable will for peace, their profound sentiment of humanity and tolerance and through their absolute adherence to the principles of international law, of equal sovereignty of States and of individual liberty without religious or racial prejudices:
> That on the basis of such principles and will, they seek and defend the peace of the continent and work together in the cause of universal concord:
> That respect for the personality, sovereignty and independence of each American State constitutes the essence of international order sustained by continental solidarity. . . .

It is easy to criticize the Declaration of Lima. The inequality of democratic institutions in the twenty-one republics is apparent. We grant that in cold realism many of the high resolves passed at Lima are Utopian and impractical. But the common motive is real — the desire to save and protect all attempts to achieve democratic government in the two Americas. On that platform the last Republican candidate for president, former Governor Landon, stood shoulder to shoulder with the Democratic Secretary of State at Lima.

THE TRADE AGREEMENTS

IF THERE IS one governmental policy on which the vast majority of the people of the United States agree today it is the firm but benign pursuit of international good will and reciprocal trade agreements by Secretary Hull. Even the last Republican candidate for vice

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president, Colonel Knox, has declared for the moderation of our tariff.

The struggle for world recovery today is between the closed economy of the totalitarian states and the policy of trade agreements of Secretary Hull. The persistence of our Secretary of State is less militant but no less resolute than the iron will of the dictators. Month by month he is tearing down old dams of trade more rapidly than they can construct new walls. The conference at Lima followed close on the heels of the extremely difficult reciprocal trade agreement with Great Britain. This went into effect on January 1, and on the same day a second agreement with Canada. Without a dissenting vote the Lima conference, on December 16, endorsed "the negotiation of trade agreements, embodying the principle of equality of treatment, as the most beneficial and effective method of extending and facilitating international trade."

Congress passed the trade-agreement act in 1934. Mr. Hull has, to date, signed trade agreements with nineteen countries, embracing about 60 per cent of our foreign trade. Exports to the sixteen countries with whom trade agreements were in effect on December 31, 1938, have already shown an increase of 53 per cent during the two-year period ending June, 1938, in comparison with the two preagreement years 1934 and 1935. During the same period exports increased only 35 per cent to countries with whom we have as yet made no reciprocal trade agreements. Year by year our own excessive tariffs are being whittled away, to the apparent good of our internal economics. For the trade of the world as a whole, the importance of our program is measured by the fact that the trade of the United States and the countries with whom we have already completed agreements embraces more than one half the international trade of the planet.

In the late Victorian era, when Great Britain flourished under free trade and Germany produced music and science and poetry, there were years of quiet when great wars seemed a thing of the past. This hope proved to be a terrible delusion. Unrestricted trade between nations is not a certain insurance against war, but it is a great mitigator of danger. It certainly relieves the frustration complex about ready access to raw commodities. The peace enjoyed by the northern democracies accompanies the ingenuity and sanity with which they have conducted foreign trade. They enjoy no oversupply of cotton, wheat, or rubber.

Unrestricted trade between democracies is democracy as expressed in international relations. If trade continues to flourish between all the countries of the Americas, it will confirm the integrity of the democratic principle now so sorely challenged over wide surfaces of our planet. That is why the hardy smaller democracies of Europe view with renewed hope the resolutions of solidarity made at Lima.

Hope for Democracy

Democracy need not despair. We have still all the English- and the French- and the Scandinavian-speaking world and we have the two Americas. But democracy must watch two fronts. At the same time that we trade for peace, we must arm for war. We cannot expect peoples who by nature or environment reject democratic government and are happier under a totalitarian state to be converted by our preaching to our way of life. Nor can we annihilate them. Instead, we must incessantly hold them at bay and keep them off our democratic preserves. We must try, patiently, to devise formulas by which we can carry on trade even with those nations with the most rigidly closed economies. It is at best a small planet, and the only safety is guarded intercourse even between the likes and dislikes.

North and South America form an important segment of this disturbed planet. The will to intellectual and commercial harmony and mutual self-protection in the Americas provides new and vigorous hope for democracy on every other continent.

Henry Goddard Leach

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When Doctors Are Wrong

by **ALVIN F. HARLOW**

Now that even some doctors who have long fought the idea of socialized medicine are beginning to lean toward it, what some of us would like to know is whether conditions in medicine, surgery, and nursing would be any better under centralized or government control than they are now? In some respects, they couldn't be much worse. Recalling Bernard Shaw's remark that every profession is a conspiracy against the laity, we become uneasily conscious of the fact that at least two of the professions — law and medicine — have succeeded; they have got the laity pretty well under their thumbs.

Medical science in recent decades has made enormous strides in everything save its ideals of service. It has developed some experts who have the precision and efficiency of a delicate machine — and about as much sympathy. It has reached the stage where it can actually take a human being all apart and put him together again, adding synthetic fittings or transplanting some from other bodies, where necessary. But these greater miracles are as a rule performed only under two possible conditions: (a) when the patient is wealthy enough to pay thousands for the operation or (b) when he is so poor that he is perforce willing to be a guinea pig for the scientissimo to practice on. Millions of us in between can never hope to benefit by such miracles, no matter how desperate our condition, because we can't afford them.

The old-fashioned family physician, who never balked at driving ten miles in a buggy at 2 A.M. on a blizzardy night, who would sit up all night in your home, if necessary, to save a feebly flickering life, who served many a poor family free, who waited years for his pay from others and often never did get it — he may be found functioning today only in the rural districts and small towns, with an occasional rare specimen in the cities. (I could name one in the very heart of Manhattan.) He was the natural product of a pioneer age, when the duty of helping one's neighbor was so freely acknowledged as to be a commonplace; and his ideal of service was the highest in the community — not even the preacher's overtopping it.

That I am alive today is due to the efforts of two such men in the two towns where I spent my early childhood. Once, when I was at the crisis of an attack of diphtheria, one of them spent almost an entire night in our little cottage. He did all that he could, and when at last, about three o'clock, it seemed that his best efforts might fail, he knelt down and prayed that I might be spared, reminding God of the fact that I was the only child of my parents and my demise would therefore be a particularly acute loss to them. Smile at him if you will; the lesson is there. To him I was not just a case; I was a human being whom it was not only his duty but his earnest desire to save.

We are in a different age now — harder, more businesslike, more scientific; when governments and cities and hospitals are huge, clumsy machines; when the abstraction has become far more important than the individual; and when, therefore, the personal touch is less and less frequently possible (and how greatly that touch is needed in medicine and nursing!). Most doctors nowadays shun the small-town and country practice; other folk are living easier lives — why not the physician? They are tending, too, toward specialization — a comfortable, remunerative groove where there is a steady gain in eminence and higher fees.

This is by no means to hint that we do not need specialists, nor is it a criticism of the physiological- or chemical-laboratory scientist who so greatly advances medical knowledge. I am only wondering why it is that we cannot have a better distribution of medical and surgical skill at fairer prices; a little less professional "courtesy" and covering up of errors and a

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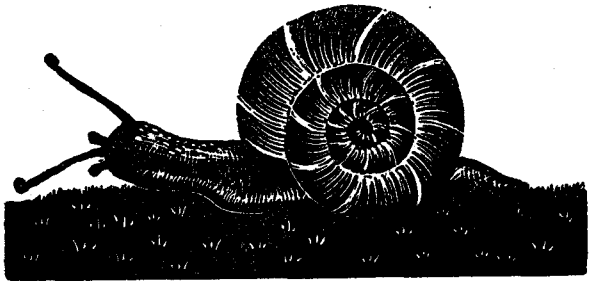
little more consideration for the sufferer; a little more thought of service rather than of emolument; and, to begin with, a more careful selection as to fitness among those who strive to enter the profession.

The effects of that calamitous bigness which the philosopher William James so deplored is seen in the independence and callousness of the medical profession and its hospitals in our greater cities. If you are ill in New York, you may conceivably call up a dozen physicians and find none who will come to your home and minister to you (because they are not that sort of practitioners); and if you fall ill there during a summer week end, you are distinctly out of luck, for you may have a hard time finding a skilled doctor in town. From long observation of and experience with metropolitan doctors and surgeons, one gets the impression that a considerable number of them have a tendency to be more concerned with fees, professional "ethics," intraprofessional courtesy, and interesting abnormalities than with the well-being of patients.

II

I WONDER WHETHER candidates for medicine and nursing will, under some new system, be first of all psychoanalyzed to discover whether they have the innate kindness and sympathy, not to mention other qualities, without which no doctor or nurse should function.

I once had ample opportunity over about three years to observe the students of a certain medical college. There were dozens of these I knew who should never have been permitted to enter the profession — indifferent students, men who cared naught for knowledge for its own sake; men who were rough, unsympathetic, undiplomatic, selfish; men with the finger touch of blacksmiths; men whose reasons for going into medicine were not valid, for obviously they cared little about it. Some were already questioning whether they wanted to go on with the work. But, after all, they argued, you had to do something — and, if you got in the right spot, there was good money in medicine.



I have a conviction that no one should be granted entrance to a profession responsible for human health and life who is not an enthusiast, even a devotee. I am absurdly old-fashioned enough to assert that a physician's first aim should be service, rather than emolument; that both before and after success he should think more of giving than of getting. (There are still some doctors, God bless them, who are like that.) If he has the skill and gives of his best, the emolument will inevitably come.

I have seen the hardening process beginning in a medical college.

The youngsters, to whom a dead human body promptly becomes a "stiff," are set to practice in the free clinics on poor devils who cannot afford to pay for the exercise of the healing art. The contempt of their professors for these impecunious ones communicates itself to the students, and the patients get pretty haphazard treatment. I have often heard the young medicos laughing over them.

Once a man's rheumatic knee was placed in a heating apparatus, "and," said the narrator to me, "I'm damned if we didn't get to shooting craps on the other side of the room and forgot all about the guy until he yelled that his leg was burning up!"

"And was it?" I asked.

"Well, it was a little overdone," admitted my informant with a grin, "but, when we get it healed up and some new skin on it, I bet his rheumatism'll be better."

A woman of my acquaintance was sent to a learned gynecologist and in her first treatment was so roughly handled by him that she told her physician she did not see how she could endure another such session.

"That's probably the result of his clinic experience," said the doctor. "He does clinical work at the Blank Hospital, and they shoot 'em through pretty fast and furious at those clinics."

Likewise, the young internes who do most of the work at the clinics frequently make wrong diagnoses in their negligent haste and prescribe carelessly, handing out, for example, strong sedatives to nervous and sleepless pa-

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tients with no warning against incautious use of them — a practice which, in at least one instance within my knowledge, had disastrous results.

An interne whom I knew well was telling me how he had assisted a surgeon in an operation on a patient in a charity ward the day before.

The surgeon had pointed to an organ as yet untouched and remarked, "For two cents I'd take that out, too. It's an interesting operation."

"Go on! I'd love to see you do it, doctor," said the interne, eagerly. "I know you'd make a swell job of it."

"Well, I doubt that it'll ever be of much use to him, anyhow," said the flattered operator, and proceeded to mutilate the unconscious patient still further.

What of it? Just a poor guy of little more consequence than a rabbit bred for experimental purposes. Thus does power over the bodies of others tempt the man of little ruth on to greater ruthlessness.

But it is not always the clinic-hardened doctor who is ungentle; it may be an offended Big Name. There is a certain genitourinary specialist who is so great that his minimum charge is one hundred dollars for an examination (much more for millionaires). Now and then general practitioners send him patients who are not wealthy, begging him to cut his fee for diagnosis, sometimes to a half or less. His manner toward the occasional unfortunate who comes thus badly recommended is so cold and contemptuous that the would-be patient is chilled to the marrow. He conveyed to one such patient of my acquaintance the feeling that she was, for all practical purposes, a charity case (though he was receiving more than a dollar per minute for his time) and not once during the examination, which was excruciatingly painful, did he for a moment stay his hand or by word or expression convey the slightest hint of sympathy.

Some of the most damning testimony to the existent greed and negligence in the medical profession is, very logically, given by doctors themselves when, financially secure or burdened with conscience, they occasionally decide to be frank about their fellows.

The Du Pont companies some time ago ordered a syphilis survey made among their thirty-six thousand employees. Dr. Gehrmann,

their medical director, reported that, for treating that disease, most physicians demanded fees beyond the means of the patients, though some of these doctors were receiving the drugs necessary for syphilis treatment free of charge. He found instances of doctors' charging as high as twenty-five dollars per office treatment when their regular fee was three dollars.

Dr. Thomas Parran, Surgeon General of the U. S. Public Health Service, has confirmed these findings by his own investigations and added that some doctors will treat a syphilitic patient as long as he can afford to come to them and, when he can no longer produce the cash, consider the case closed, regardless of the patient's potentialities as a source of future infection. And this is true in many cases not only of syphilis but of other diseases. There are many city doctors who will adroitly sidestep even an emergency call from a household which does not seem to promise good pay.

III

THE INSISTENCE of the medical profession on getting the money reaches its climax in most hospitals, where you must pay for your room and service in advance and, if you are a stranger, for medical and surgical attention also, before you get it. There is logic in this, for if the hospitals had no such rules they would lose much money through nonpayment of fees. But the superintendent or manager of the hospital is a hard-headed businessman, and there is a governing board above him which demands financial efficiency. As a result, ordinary human decency not infrequently vanishes, as in episodes like the following.

A young couple were driving north from Florida in the spring, and on the way the husband contracted an illness which quickly developed into a deadly form of pneumonia. He was almost unconscious when they reached a city of considerable size — a State capital, in fact — and the wife rushed him into one of the

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city's largest hospitals — a fine, well-equipped institution.

He was in immediate need of serum injections and oxygen, with blood transfusions looming beyond; and the wife was courteously but firmly informed that none of these could be supplied save for cash in advance — the injections alone being priced at fifteen dollars each. They were within two days' drive of home and had only a hundred dollars in cash with them (which had seemed ample, in as much as they also had hotel credit slips to the amount of five hundred dollars). The serum shots were the first and most important treatment, but only six of them could be procured with the money available; when it came to the seventh, the doctor in charge shook his head firmly — for the patient's wife lacked five dollars of the necessary cash. The hotel credit slips meant nothing to the hospital. The wife's father is a wealthy man in his home town; but "references" were of no value to this tightfisted staff — nothing but cash would avail for the man whose life was now flickering feebly.

Only when the frantic wife telephoned her father and he in turn remembered an acquaintance in this hospital town and arranged with him by telephone to supply the needed cash would the hospital once more move a finger to save the young man's life.

The overemphasis on surgery by certain men who love to carve human flesh is frankly admitted by some other members of the profession. A friend of mine was attacked by a cancer in the neck and went to a conscientious physician who saw at once that his case was hopeless. Dissatisfied with this doctor's findings, he went to another, a surgeon of repute, who promised him relief and proceeded to use the knife on him at frequent intervals, charging handsome fees of course on every occasion. He operated no less than six times, and, had my friend not been a man of giant frame and vitality, he would not have lived through even that many carvings, before deciding that this mutilation was doing him no good.

The carelessness of operators who sew up sponges, tampons, and instruments inside their patients has long ago become a stale joke with the humorous writers. The prize story is that of two skillful surgeons who ran a sanitarium in a Southern city — playfully known among other members of the profession as the Slaughter-house — and who once left a red-bordered huck towel inside a woman's abdomen. If you doubt this, you may find the story spread upon court records, for there was a lawsuit over this whimsy which gave the surgeons a pretty hard jolt.

As far as the layman is concerned, one of the great curses of medicine, in the cities at least, is "professional courtesy." Here is the core of the conspiracy of which Shaw spoke. Most metropolitan doctors consider it more important to save another's face or his feelings than to save a patient's life. Even the most conscientious practitioner scarce dares utter a criticism of another doctor's malpractice, lest he be marked for reprisal. No secret order's members stick together so tightly.

One might tell of the victim of an atrocious bit of surgery in a large city which we will call Aville, who, after leaving the hospital, went to his home city of Bville, collapsed, and was taken to another hospital. Discovering what had been done to him, the hospital staff kept him in bed (at his own expense, naturally) for two weeks without treatment, while they consulted with the eminent surgeon in Aville and made plans to save his face in the matter.

One might also tell of a five-hundred-dollar operation — which, incidentally, did more harm than good — performed against the advice of an eminent specialist by a surgeon who admitted afterward that he had used the subject as material on which to test this particular kind of surgery, thinking to perform it later on a wealthier client. (I cannot give more details of an affair such as this, for the reason that the victim is almost always afraid to talk. Sometimes he has been warned by other doctors that to do so may bring unpleasant repercussions; there are several ways in which the profession can get even.)

IV

A TRUE STORY, which illustrates most of the charges I have been making against the medical profession, is that of the "Kerwin" family's experience.

Mr. Kerwin is a bank official in one of our great cities — a highly intelligent, well-poised man whose whole career has been one of weighing questions judicially and making due allowances for human frailties.

His son Howard, aged twelve, developed a

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severe earache, and the family physician, detecting symptoms of mastoiditis, suggested that an ear specialist be consulted.

There was in the city such a specialist, a Dr. "Slicer," whom Kerwin knew and liked, a man only in his thirties but already ranking high in his field. Mr. Kerwin summoned him; and, after searching examinations, Dr. Slicer announced that an operation would be necessary.

As with all well-to-do people in such situations, the first thought of the frightened Kerwins was, "If money will save him, we'll spend it; get the best doctor to be had, no matter what the cost!"

A certain Dr. "Cutter" seemed to be at the top of the profession in aural surgery, so Mr. Kerwin called on him and asked for his services.

"Whom have you in attendance now?" asked the great man.

"Dr. Slicer."

Dr. Cutter registered amazement. "Why do you come to me?" he asked. "Dr. Slicer, though comparatively a young man, is one of the finest ear specialists in the city. He will do whatever I could. You may feel perfectly safe if he performs the operation." Kerwin's further insistence he gently but firmly put aside.

Somewhat reassured by this high recommendation, Mr. Kerwin permitted Slicer to remove Howard to the hospital where he did his surgical work and there perform the operation.

Shortly afterward, Slicer was called out of the city, and Howard was left to the tender mercies of Dr. "Squills," the head house physician (himself a man of no small reputation), the internes, and the nurses. Kerwin and his wife were of course at the hospital every day and studied the nurses' charts attentively.

Everyone assured them that there were no complications and that Howard was progressing as well as they could expect. But, when nearly a week had passed, they began to notice that, at the time of the patient's highest temperature each day, the figure was just a little higher than it had been the day before.

Kerwin waited to see if anything would be said about this by the staff. He made all possible allowance for the fact that he himself was comparatively ignorant of medical practice and that Howard was supposedly in the most expert hands available. He did not want to get himself and his son disliked because of unnecessary complaints.

But no one seemed to heed the rising of the fever, and it had reached 104. Howard was suffering increasing pain, and some action seemed called for. Kerwin reported the matter at the hospital office.

Dr. Squills came, accompanied by another doctor, and made a somewhat perfunctory examination of the boy. The two were plainly vexed at having the hospital's efficiency questioned by an outsider.

"Nothing seriously wrong," announced Squills. "Doing as well as could be expected. Of course he's bound to have some pain and fever for days after an operation like that." As he turned to leave, he added, "The trouble with this boy is — too much father."

"That may be detrimental to him in some ways," replied Kerwin, controlling his vexation, "but I fail to see how it is causing increased pain and bringing his temperature up to a hundred and four. With that he went to a telephone and called Dr. Cutter.

Cutter asked, "What is the boy's blood count?"

"I don't know," replied Mr. Kerwin, "but I'll ask." He left the phone and came back presently to report, "The house physician doesn't know, either."

"Do you mean to tell me," asked the great surgeon in a voice like thunder beyond the horizon, "that they have never yet taken that boy's count? He may have septic poisoning coming on, and they don't know it."

"I wish you'd come over here and take charge of the case," said the father.

"Demand the blood count," said Cutter, "and call me again."

Kerwin did so. The report was so alarming that Cutter agreed something ought to be done. But he pointed out that it was an extremely delicate thing for a surgeon to walk right into another's workshop and take a job out of his hands.

"I know, I know!" exclaimed the distressed father. "But it's my boy's life that's at stake. I insist that you take charge of the case!"

V

THOUGH VERY RELUCTANT to poach on his brother scientist's preserves, Cutter, after some further demurring, finally came to the

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hospital, where he and Squills and the other members of the staff were as cautious and as elaborately courteous, each with the others, as diplomats at an international conference. They fairly tiptoed around one another.

Dr. Cutter, on examination, discovered that the poisoning had gone so far that the bone was affected. He declared that an operation was necessary — and without delay. But a certain delicacy still restrained him. After much fencing and stalling on both sides, he took Mr. Kerwin into a corner and told him he thought it better to remove Howard to his own hospital for the operation, as the feeling here was such that he feared he could not get proper co-operation from the hospital staff.

"Do anything!" agreed Kerwin. "Anything to save the boy. That's all I care about."

So the unfortunate victim was snatched by high-speed ambulance to a new hospital, where Dr. Cutter performed a delicate operation, removing a considerable piece of the skull back of the ear, as well as some tissue.

The Kerwins asked for the best nursing available, and Dr. Cutter assigned to the day turn a nurse who was declared to be unfailingly accurate and efficient. But again Mr. Kerwin, scanning the charts daily, noticed, about a week after the operation, that Howard's fever was rising again.

Neither the interne nor nurse seemed to see anything alarming in this, and the father reported it to Dr. Cutter.

That gentleman was disconcerted to find that sepsis had set in once more, though it was not so far advanced as on the previous occasion.

As it was feared that the child could not stand another operation, other means were adopted, including fresh air and irrigation treatment for the wound (which would doubtless have been beneficial long before), and slowly the pain decreased, and the fever subsided.

But — not only once — *three times* was Kerwin compelled to call attention to the onset of dangerous symptoms. This may sound unbelievable, but Kerwin swears to it. And all the time he was paying $250 per week for care supposedly of the highest efficiency and exclusive of special medical attention and the cost of dressing materials.

Howard had been in Dr. Cutter's care only a short time when Dr. Slicer returned to the city and promptly informed Kerwin that he still considered himself in charge of the case.

It was vain for Kerwin to point out that in Slicer's hospital the wound had become infected so that the boy might have died had not the father himself fought for a competent examination and then turned the case over to Cutter — and that this neglect had made necessary a costly and dangerous operation which had caused the boy much suffering, had greatly weakened him, had possibly affected his health permanently and shortened his life.

Dr. Slicer denied that any of this resulted from neglect and could not see why such trivial reasons should stop his fees.

And with this cool assumption Dr. Cutter promptly agreed! His courtesy and deference toward Dr. Slicer were charming. He was all for turning the patient over to Slicer again, and the poor kid would doubtless have been bundled up and hurried back to the other hospital had not Kerwin positively refused to permit it.

Cutter at last reluctantly gave way, entreating Slicer to observe that this was none of his doing. To ease the situation, he said he would like to retain Dr. Slicer in consultation, and to this Kerwin unhesitatingly agreed.

But Dr. Slicer was so deeply offended at Kerwin that he broke off their friendly acquaintance. His bill called for six hundred dollars — five hundred for the operation and one hundred for three home visits.

Dr. Cutter, as might be expected, was far less modest. The fee for his operation was five thousand dollars and, for merely dressing the wound afterward, two thousand.

From first to last, Mr. Kerwin dealt with fourteen doctors and paid, without protest, some twelve thousand dollars in physicians' and hospital fees alone.

His son was left physically much weakened, with a great hole in his skull back of the ear, which plagues him considerably at times and may continue to do so. With proper treatment and attention, he should probably have come through his trouble in one third of the time, without mutilation, and with far less loss of vitality.

If there is a certain wry consolation for the poor in this evidence that even the rich cannot always get honest service from the medical profession, let them make the most of it. It is all they can do.

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Hitler's Aerial Triumph

by **MARC A. ROSE**

THE TRUTH about Germany's power to rain death and destruction on Europe from the skies is more terrible than has been told. All published estimates, even the most extreme, have invariably understated the facts.

When press rumors, at the time of the Munich conference, put Hitler's air fleet at ten thousand planes, the figure was derided as fantastic. Commentators on military affairs — Captain Liddell Hart in England, Henri Bouché in France, Hanson Baldwin in the United States — were incredulous. The frightened populace of Britain was given "authoritative" assurance that Germany had only three thousand fighting planes.

Confusion as to German air power still exists. Senator Gerald P. Nye publicly wonders if Lindbergh wasn't fooled by seeing dummy planes drawn up on German fields to impress him. George Fielding Eliot, author of *The Ramparts We Watch*, has repeatedly used the three-thousand figure. Other recently published estimates by military authorities have ranged from four to ten thousand planes. The general-staff quarterly of our own army published Germany's strength as three thousand fighting planes — this for its own good reasons.

Of course the military high commands and the leading statesmen in London, Paris, and Washington knew with fair accuracy the strength of the Nazi air force. But such vital military information is, by unvarying policy, a closely guarded secret.

The actual truth now can be presented. What follows is the product of the most extensive research that has been made by anyone outside the military intelligence services. It represents the careful checking and cross-checking of evidence from expert observers — some here named and some anonymous — who have made personal investigations in Germany, Italy, France, and England. Also it represents painstaking digging in technical journals and in the authoritative press of various countries.

Here are the facts: At the time of the Czech crisis, Hitler had twelve thousand military planes. Today this fleet is between sixteen and eighteen thousand planes. Of these, 60 per cent are fighting planes; 40 per cent are for observation, transport, communication, and training — the normal proportion in any air force.

In September, Germany had three times as many planes as Britain, ten times as many as France. Italy had as many planes as Britain and France together. Give Russia, the enigma, as many planes as Germany (a high improbability), and the air equation works out with Germany and Italy more than a match for Britain, France, and Russia combined.

The disparity between the air fighting power of Germany and Italy on the one hand and Britain and France on the other steadily grows greater. The German ambition is to store two reserve planes for every one of its first line planes. That ratio has not been attained, but the reserve today is better than 100 per cent. The planes are stored all over Germany, in 750 airdromes, many of them underground.

To achieve this ambition of a 200-per-cent reserve, Germany is building planes at the rate of a thousand a month. Output will rise a hundred each month, as new factories are completed, until it reaches 1,600 a month before autumn. This staggering production is turned out by factories which are working only one eight-hour shift a day. How many planes a month these factories could turn out in three shifts under emergency pressure is a matter of conjecture, but competent authorities have put the figure as high as four thousand.

Britain is pouring out money lavishly — spending more than Germany on planes — and working her factories twenty-four hours a day, under the drive of what amounts to an industrial dictatorship. Yet British plane production

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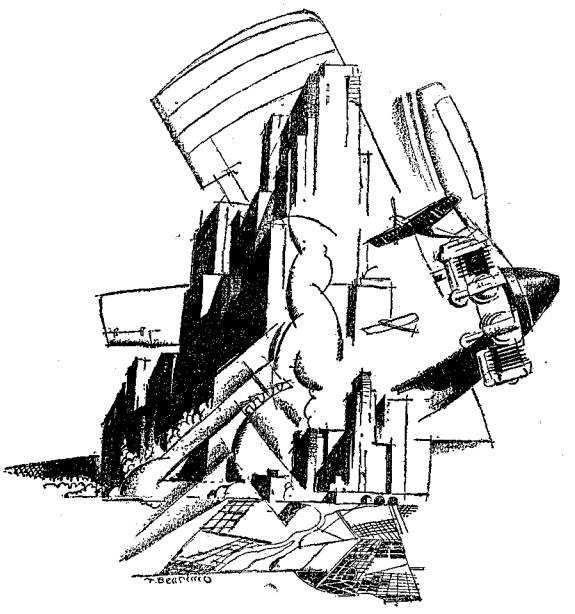

rises but slowly above the two-hundred-a-month level it had achieved in late 1938. By the end of this year, the British hope the output will be four hundred a month — but so far this is but a hope. French production cannot much exceed seventy-five a month at present. Under no foreseeable circumstances can either country begin to catch up with Germany. Some authorities think that within a year, by supreme effort, Britain might reach minimum defense standards.

Disparity in numbers of planes means more than disparity of army man power because the strategy of air warfare is entirely different. Defending airplanes cannot sit in the bomb-proofs of a Maginot line and hold off numerically superior invaders. Even so, the numbers do not tell the whole story of totalitarian might. The German air *fleet* is better than its rivals; though individual British and French prototypes may match German planes' performance, the Nazi *fleet* is faster, better armed.

Said General Vuillemin, head of the French air force, after a recent visit to Germany:

> Germany is turning out the most powerful war planes in the world, with speeds and raiding ranges and bomb capacity in excess of anything hitherto known. This at the rate of a thousand a month.

And the crushing fact is the size and efficiency of the Reich's airplane industry. Military authorities estimate that 80 to 90 per cent of fighting planes will crash in the first month of a major war. Germany's ability to replace her plane losses is the final word in her mastery of the air.

Hitler Wasn't Fooling

These are the facts that explain much recent history and are likely to explain more events yet to be unrolled. Hitler was not bluffing at Munich. He had the irresistible power. For military men agree that the only effective defense against planes is more planes — a fleet strong enough to inflict reprisals, strong enough to make the aggressor exercise caution lest he lose his margin of superiority. And Britain and France haven't the planes.

Why, skeptical commentators asked, should a nation build an air force so vastly superior to that of any imaginable combination of enemies, unless it was building toward a definite date for war? The answer seems to be that Germany *was* building toward a definite date — but won a war without firing a shot or losing a plane.

If the facts are now obtainable, it is because Germany wants them known. German psychology, as George Grant Mason, Jr., of the Civil Aviation Authority, observed during his recent visit, has completely changed from the secretive attitude of the conscious inferior to the proud attitude of the conscious master, with nothing to hide. Indeed, it suited Germany to impress the world with the swift miracle of her creation of an irresistible air arm in the space of three years.

Beginning last spring, visiting experts, who had merely hoped to get a few grudging shreds of information on technical progress, were bewildered by the cordiality with which they were greeted, the openness with which they were permitted to look around, even in Germany's nine air-research laboratories (where 3,500 engineers and scientists are developing newer and more terrible war machines), and the completeness with which questions were answered. That was the experience of Igor Sikorsky, of Glenn L. Martin, of Lawrence D. Bell, who looked at the amazing German airplane factories with expert eyes; of Lindbergh and Al Williams, who saw and flew German military planes; of D. W. Tomlinson of T.W.A. and George Grant Mason, Jr., interested in civil aviation particularly; and of S. Paul Johnston, editor of *Aviation*, who was observing progress since his previous inspection in 1936.

Lawrence Bell's experience was illuminating.

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He builds planes for our army and navy and he naturally wanted to compare progress abroad with our own, if possible. It was possible; in fact he was permitted to make up his own itinerary and he inspected airplane factories employing forty thousand men, or about one fourth of the Reich's entire industry — as many as he could within the limits of his time and of human endurance.

Mr. Bell says:

> Almost never was I denied any inspection, no matter how detailed. When it was time to leave, I expressed my thanks for the really wonderful opportunity I had been given. I said that I appreciated the confidence they had shown in me. I would be a gentleman about it, I said, and they could rest assured that while naturally I would tell my own government what I had seen, I would not pass the information on in London or Paris. "Oh, that's all right," they said, smiling. "You are at perfect liberty to tell the British and French anything you have seen."

A Giant Industry

Both the performance of German planes and the organization of the factories that turn them out make a strong impression on all qualified observers. Technical details mean little to laymen, but the sum of them adds up to destroy the wish-thoughtful assertion that so many planes made in so short a time cannot be very good.

Germany's crack pursuit plane is a Messerschmitt, a single-motored single-seater, firing a .75 in. (20 mm.) cannon through the hollow hub of the propeller and carrying two machine guns. This is the plane which, admittedly "souped up" for the stunt, set a world speed record (for this type of craft) of 379 miles per hour, as well as a record for climb — from field to 9,000 feet and back in 2 minutes, 5 seconds. England's best fighters are comparable to this ship in many respects. But England has a handful. Germany had two thousand Messerschmitts in September, and they still are pouring out of six factories.

Reports Mr. Bell:

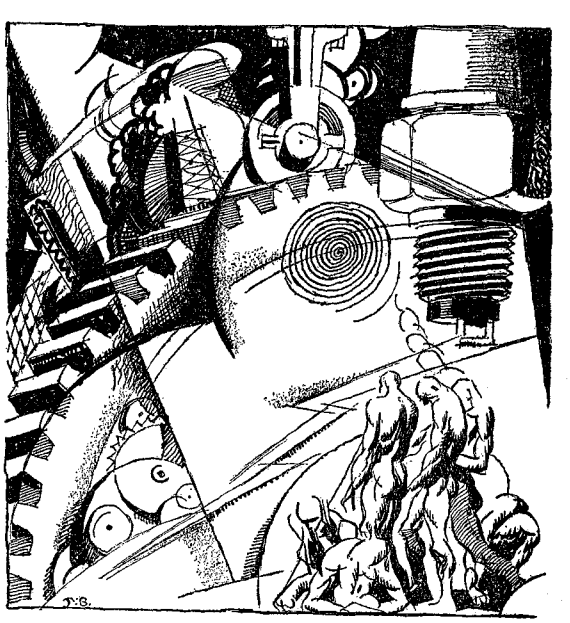
> The Messerschmitt plant is new and highly efficient. Work goes on briskly, but quietly and methodically; it gives no evidence of feverish or panicky production. Like all the newer German airplane factories, it is broken up into several buildings, say 200 x 400 feet each. Typically, buildings in airplane plants are 1,000 feet apart and there never are three in a straight line so that a bomber could get a row of them in one pass. (Compare this with British plants, acres under one roof — super-targets.) The roofs are painted green and in most cases evergreens are set around the buildings. No saw-tooth roofs and no skylights are used; all windows are set at an angle scientifically calculated so that they never will reflect moonlight. There are effective shutters for use at night. Basements provide bombproof refuges with gas masks for all employes and rubber suits and chemical equipment for decontaminating squads to use after a gas raid. Separate electric power plant is provided for each building. Buildings are linked by radio communication as well as by telephone.

The Heinkel works at Oranienburg, near Berlin, are the show factory of the German industry. This plant is less than two years old; Germans boast it produced planes six months after the ground was broken for it.

It manufactures the Heinkel 111, a two-engine high-speed bomber (280 miles per hour at 13,000 feet) which is capable, under safe overload, of carrying a ton of bombs 1,000 miles, dumping them, and returning to base — or 2 tons for a proportionately shorter range. These probably are the fastest bombers in European service, with the possible exception of an Italian model; we have nothing like them because our bombers are designed for an entirely different kind of operation. Germany has, it is estimated, 2,500 Heinkel 111's.

The plant, as described by D. W. Tomlinson, T.W.A. official, is "the finest airplane factory in the world." It comprises six buildings of about 200,000 square feet each, with auxiliary buildings set adjacent to the main shops.

Al Williams comments on the bombproof, gasproof shelters to accommodate all the eight thousand workers underground. Each shelter has its own kitchen, dining room, sleeping



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rooms, shower baths, and toilets. The roofs will withstand the disruptive effect of any known bomb up to 2,000 pounds.

Paul Johnston adds:

> There are even offices where work can be carried on uninterrupted during an air raid alarm. I took the cots, the hospitals underground, the kitchens, in my stride, so to speak. What finally got me down, I think was this: On every one of these neat and polished underground desks, ready against Der Tag, were three sharpened pencils in a tray . . . soft, medium and hard. The last touch!

At this plant, the welfare and recreational facilities to be seen at all German airplane factories are carried to the highest degree of elaboration, as Lawrence Bell points out. There is an athletic field, a tremendous swimming pool, a medical building with therapeutic baths and expert masseurs. There are dining rooms in which workers get two meals, breakfast and luncheon, for 25 cents a day.

"The welfare and recreational layout at this plant would cost $1,000,000 if anyone should try to duplicate it in the United States," says Mr. Bell.

Mr. Tomlinson comments:

> Workers at Oranienburg live in fine-appearing small homes, each with a nice garden. The men buy these homes on a plan similar to our FHA. A large farm is operated by the factory supplying vegetables and general farm products for all factory personnel.

Labor in the airplane factories is paid 1 mark an hour. Mr. Bell says of this:

> Making all allowance for the difference in purchasing power of the two currencies, I believe the workman in the German air industry is better paid than the British workman.

Glenn L. Martin was particularly impressed by the apprentice system. Every factory, he points out, has to maintain apprentices equal in number to 10 per cent of the men on the payroll. Boys of fourteen are taken on for a four- or five-year training period, during which time they receive the equivalent of a high-school education, and likewise are developed into skilled mechanics. Each year's graduates are promptly absorbed in the plant at the standard 1-mark-an-hour wage. The boys live at the works, "are obviously proud of their position," as D. W. Tomlinson remarks, have ample recreational facilities, and seem enthusiastic.

About four hundred thousand men are employed in the German industry — a hundred sixty thousand in building planes, the rest in manufacturing motors, propellers, instruments, armament, and parts. Just by way of comparison, thirty-six thousand men built 3,500 planes, all types, in the United States in 1938.

Aviation First!

Where did Germany get the raw materials to create this enormous air fleet?

The problem was not so great as in the creation of heavy ordnance or battleships, for example. Comparatively little steel goes into an airplane.

Mr. Bell points out:

> Germany has plenty of aluminum, the principal material used in aircraft. German research into new materials has been remarkable. They are using a great deal of magnesium, in forgings, castings and sheets. It is lighter than aluminum, considerably. It is brittle unless treated just so; we are just learning to use magnesium over here. But the liquid-cooled engines in Germany are always mounted on great I-beams of forged magnesium. Rubber isn't a very important element in the airplane and the German synthetic product seems to answer all purposes — no doubt at greater expense than for ordinary rubber.

Al Williams, writing in the Scripps-Howard newspapers, and Paul Johnston, in *Aviation*, remarked on the use of laminated wood, almost as hard as iron, in German and Italian planes. And, they ask, why not? The average life of a fighting ship in wartime is approximately thirty flying hours. The factors of low cost, sufficient strength, and quick production are important, not the ten years of service expected of a commercial transport plane.

How could Germany get the money to build this vast fleet?

By going without other things she might have procured with the same mighty effort. "Planes instead of butter."

"Everything has been subordinated to aviation in Germany and Italy," says George Grant Mason, Jr. "Planes first, everything else later."

And Mr. Bell adds:

> In any event, it hasn't cost Germany so much as you might suppose. One of the great costs of building air fighters is in development work. It may well cost $500,000 to build the first small, fast fighter of a new type. Spread that over an order for fifty, which is a big order in America, and it is $10,000 a plane. Spread it over 2,000 Messerschmitts and it is $250 apiece. And that is only the beginning of the economies to be had from large production. Repetitive operation brings costs down sharply.

Germany has the planes; has she the men to keep them in the air?

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Writes Paul Johnston, in *Aviation:*

> There is a form of wishful thinking current that will admit the Germans and Italians have done great things in plane production, but insists they have not trained the pilots so huge an establishment needs. It simply does not make sense to assume that Germany, with her capacity for detailed planning, would overlook that vital point. Under government bureaus thousands of youngsters in Germany and Italy are being trained on models, on gliders, and in powered planes. A great reserve of pilot material is always on tap.

Edward J. Noble, chairman of our Civil Aviation Authority, says Germany has fifteen thousand glider pilots. Through flying clubs boys are encouraged to progress from this to flying powered planes.

Air-force personnel in Germany totals two hundred six thousand. Compare this figure with 87,950 for Britain, 64,650 for France. And remember that the number of men needed per plane diminishes with the size of the fleet. For example, our air-force personnel — army, navy, and marine corps — numbers 43,800 men. We have not four thousand military planes.

For a reserve of pilot material, the National Socialist Flying Corps gives free training to every German youth who shows aptitude. In its ranks today are sixty-five thousand young men between the ages of eighteen and twenty. Below that age are a hundred thousand members of the Hitler youth who are definitely earmarked for aviation training; and younger even than these are a million little fellows in the schools who are working on airplane models.

What about fuel?

Germany has no oil wells. But the Nazis have developed the Reich's capacity for producing gasoline from coal (by hydrogenation) and for extracting gasoline from shale deposits, to the point where presently they expect to be independent of imports, at least for military purposes.

At the Lilienthal conference in Berlin this fall, the Germans showed motion pictures of their nine research laboratories where 3,500 scientists and engineers are developing the planes of the future. They are particularly excited over the possibility of developing synthetic materials for use in planes; they dream of the day when planes may be made entirely of plastics (possibly even transparent plastics), except for motors.

Small incidents help fill in the picture of aviation's supreme place in German (and Italian) life.

The Nazis are shocked when told that weather forecasting is with us a function of the Department of Agriculture and is designed principally for the benefit of the farmer. The air services do the weather forecasting for the totalitarian states, no doubt holding that a report adequate for flying services will be good enough for any farmer.

Then there is the tale of the Lufthansa plane due at Croydon one night at the height of the Czech "crisis."

There was a heavy fog over London and southeast England. Croydon operating personnel worried a little about the German liner; why hadn't she reported? Why wasn't she asking for guidance?

Suddenly, as Mr. Tomlinson retells the story, a German voice on the radio informed Croydon that the ship was over Victoria Station, London, and would land in a few minutes.

"How did you know you were over Victoria Station?" air-field officials demanded o the Germans.

"Berlin told us," was the calm reply.

And there was the Englishman flying a private plane across Germany who found he had to make a forced landing. He could find nothing below him but little fields, outlined by ditches and hedges, but he had to come down and braced himself for a crash. Instead of cracking up, he slid smoothly across two "ditches" and a "hedge" to a perfect landing — on a perfect military field, perfectly camouflaged.

Comparing the Air Forces

Paul Johnston, in *Aviation*, made up a box score rating the relative strengths of the air powers. It follows on the next page, qualified by Mr. Johnston's warning that the Russian figures are a mere guess.

The principal quarrel which qualified experts to whom I have shown this table find with it is in the Russian and the French ratings.

They do not believe that, even counting obsolete planes (of which she has too many), France rates better than one to Germany's ten and they seriously question French morale, particularly in the factories.

They question likewise the Russian rating

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	Germany	Russia	Italy	Britain	United States	France
Planes (total)	10	10	5	3	3	2
Quality	10	5	8	8	10	4
Production rate	10	7	4	4	2	1
Production capacity (present)	10	8	6	6	4	3
Personnel	10	10	6	3	2	3
Morale	10	6	9	6	6	2
Total points	60	46	38	30	27	15
Rating	10.0	7.6	6.3	5.0	4.5	2.5

and, indeed, would put Russia no higher than Italy. But they cannot argue very convincingly for this. Nobody knows.

Johnston himself remarked on the poor state of the French industry.

Bell elaborates the point:

> The industry shows marks of the internal strife which is paralyzing French strength. There is poor discipline in the plants. They present a strange picture to an American manufacturer. Men and women are all employed together on mechanical work. Smoking is permitted throughout the factories. There is not much industriousness; morale is low; production was low even in August with the international crisis brewing.

Great Britain has been pouring out money lavishly, with disappointing results.

The Labor Party summed up the situation in a manifesto which began thus:

> The defense of our country has been criminally neglected. The recent crisis found us in a state of appalling unpreparedness. The shortage of anti-aircraft guns is a public scandal. . . . Our Air Force has been far outstripped in every respect by Germany. Profiteering has been rampant. Enormous sums have been voted by Parliament for national defense. The nation has not had value for its money.

When Britain launched her rearmament program, a scheme for expanding the air force was evolved. Briefly stated, it was that the existing airplane industry would be kept busy with capacity orders but expansion would be achieved by building a group of big new plants which automobile manufacturers and machine-tool builders would develop. It hasn't worked out. The new "shadow" factories are two years late getting into production.

Glenn L. Martin remarks on the troubles British automobile men have encountered in trying to become plane builders. It parallels, he points out, our own experience with a similar scheme during the World War.

Lawrence Bell recounts some of the British difficulties:

> The British have the Spitfire plane which is as fast, probably, as the Messerschmitt and comparable to it. At least, it is the British answer to the Messerschmitt. Both planes were developed something like two years ago. Germany had built 2,000 Messerschmitts by August. In August, I saw the sixth Spitfire come off the production line in Southampton.

British factories are absurdly conspicuous. Captain Liddell Hart, famous British military commentator, says:

> British factories engaged in the manufacture of aircraft, engines, and other military requirements continue to put their various workshops, covering many acres, under one roof, thereby offering an excessively large target to air attack. This tendency is the result of an essentially unmilitary habit of mind which pays regard to peacetime manufacturing convenience and economy rather than to wartime vulnerability. And the very size of the buildings has discouraged any adequate attempt to diminish their vulnerability by camouflage.
>
> That civilian minds should give little attention to such questions is less surprising than the similar disregard of precaution in the location and design of many of the newly constructed military airdromes. These are much easier to detect from a distance than the German airdromes owing to the distinctive pattern of their buildings and omission to conceal the outline of their landing fields, the obviousness of which is accentuated by contrast with the characteristic smallness of the surrounding fields of crops under the English agricultural system.

Germany takes the air threat seriously.

Air-defense authorities actually evacuated several villages in northeast Germany and subjected them to an intensive bombing and gas raid. The only human beings left to endure this strafing were observers in specially constructed steel shelters, designed, if they survived the test, to be erected in German streets all over the Reich as observation posts.

From this experiment and from experience in Spain, air-defense measures have been developed with characteristic thoroughness.

Some millions of Germans are enrolled in air-defense forces. Every building has its captain. Everyone drills. It has been boasted that

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Berlin streets can be emptied into shelters in two minutes. Every attic in Germany has been inspected and cleared of inflammable material.

German preparations against air raids are as complete and thorough as Britain's are sketchy. The thorough organization, previously described, of the German factories is repeated in office buildings and even in homes.

Slaughter from Above

And what does all this mean?

It means that Germany, supreme in the air, is supreme in Europe.

While experts in the democracies were still theorizing about the role of an air force, Germany built one that left no room for theory. Given evenly matched air forces, all the old dogmas about the final power of battleships and armies no doubt hold true. But, with overwhelming air supremacy, Germany can defy Britain's navy, with its slow blockade, and France's army, immobilized in the Maginot line. Stalemated on land, checked on the sea, Germany turned to a third dimension and forged the most terrible weapon the world has ever faced.

Hitler can wage war full of confidence in quick and devastating victory. With his air force, there is the terrible threat that he can paralyze shipping and ports, disrupt industry and transportation, smash his rivals' paltry production of replacement planes, smash the munitions works without which Britain's navy and France's army cannot go on fighting.

Nothing that has been demonstrated in Spain or China even hints at the horrors that would follow the bombing of large cities by a really strong air force.

The largest number of planes reported over Barcelona in a day has been fifty-four. There is an unverifiable anecdote that Hitler told Chamberlain he was prepared to send over London fifty bombers an hour, each with 2 tons of bombs, every hour for twenty-four hours a day. He could have done it. That is the scale of action which military men mean when they use the phrase, "continuous mass bombing," in discussing the next war.

Spain has been a test-tube experiment — that is all.

For example, just eight of Germany's newest bombs have been dropped on Barcelona. Each killed everyone within an eighth of a mile, produced casualties a quarter of a mile away.

Studying the possibilities, London authorities asked the city's hospitals to work up a plan for handling a million casualties the first week of war. Of course no city can handle a million casualties.

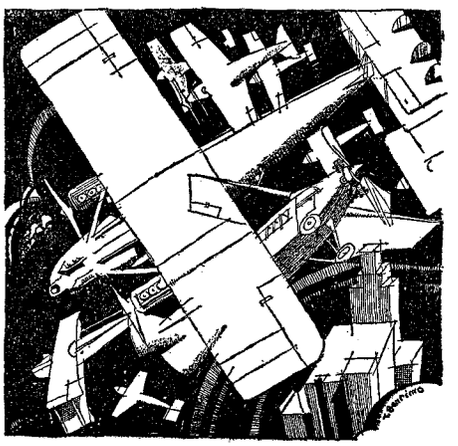
Would Germany launch attacks on London?

No military man doubts it for an instant.

In the comparatively innocuous days of the Kaiser, ruthlessly efficient German militarism thought nothing of killing civilians wholesale in London streets, in Paris churches. That same militarism today could make a shambles of London and Paris and would not hesitate to do so, for the simultaneous smashing of civilian morale and of military and industrial power would be the way — and the only way — to the quick and decisive victory which has always been the keystone of German plans.

France and England might still win a long war. But Hitler with his air supremacy feels that *this* time there would be no long war. Even American help, if offered again, could not arrive in time.

So long as Britain and France cannot match Germany's air power, their freedom of action as great powers is definitely in eclipse.



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The Fortunate Spinster

by **CAROLINE FUHR**

I AM ALMOST twenty-nine, which is perilously close to the awful thirty mark.

No band of gold adorns my left hand. Nobody longs to return to me at the end of a wearisome day at the office. I have no one to cling to.

I could give you a long case history explaining why this is so, but the reasons for my spinsterhood are unimportant.

What is important is that, according to popular fiction, magazine articles, movies, and radio broadcasts, I am what every woman my age wants not to be. I am inhibited and frustrated and — horror of horrors — I have sublimated certain natural desires.

If I had any sense of propriety, I should be thoroughly unhappy.

I am not unhappy but I am fed up with the idea that I ought to be.

When I read magazine articles reporting that married people live longer and have more nervous stability than single folk do; when the heroine in the movies gets her man, who is usually handsome but otherwise not worth shooting in the head; when radio advertisers chatter night after night about what I must do to win and hold a husband; when young married women point to a man and say smugly, "Well, there's a chance for you, dear" — when all these things happen, I do not kick and scream and beat the air; I merely yawn. Just the same, I am sick of the stigma which attaches itself to the unmarried female. I feel that it is about time to evaluate marriage on its own merits rather than by those donated to it by the movies and slick-paper magazines.

So much has been recorded in fulsome praise of marriage that the time is ripe for a survey of the compensations of a single life. Someone needs to explain why old maids are not as unhappy as they ought to be.

What I am going to say now may sound trivial and inconsequential. But what things in life are not trivial? Life may hold several "big moments" for each of us, but what makes or breaks our attitude toward life is not so much two or three important events as a long succession of unimportant ones. Two years of ceaseless minor irritations may remove the thrill from even the most romantic marriage. And two years filled with small satisfactions and comparative peace may substitute very effectively for a big moment.

One more explanation: In comparing married and unmarried women, I shall have to confine myself to that class with which I am most familiar. It is the "white collar" class, whose members, according to government statistics, should have incomes of $1,800 a year, but whose incomes fall below that sum just as frequently as they go beyond.

Life Worth Living

NOW WHAT DO I HAVE that married women do not have?

I shall begin with the ridiculous rather than the sublime. First of all, I have a car.

Don't laugh. Griselda is only an old 1931 Chevvy, but she runs.

And, when Griselda is on the road, I am at the steering wheel — unless I have asked one of my friends to drive for me. Most of my married friends have a theoretic half-ownership in a car — but *not* in a steering wheel. In most cases the husband takes the car to work; so, when his wife goes shopping, she must take the

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bus or walk. And, when husband and wife go out together, he drives the car while she watches the signs.

A friend of mine who owned a car before her marriage told me recently that she has not touched a steering wheel (except when John is lighting his pipe) in the whole year that she has been married.

The husband of another friend consistently refused to teach her to drive. After endless quarrels, she finally decided that peace at home was more important than the satisfaction and convenience of knowing how to drive.

I could cite innumerable cases similar to this, and so could you unless you belong to the two-car class. I have only one friend who drives the family car as frequently as her husband does, and she is notoriously strong-minded.

Then there is intellectual companionship and stimulating conversation, which I need almost as much as bread and butter.

That men do not reserve their best conversation for their wives is almost a truism. Perhaps too few wives demand it. At least, I know that the discussions I have with my male colleagues are often provocative of thought and that conversations I have heard these same men engaged in with their wives invariably are not. The eternal talk about Mrs. Baker's new dress, the need for a refrigerator, and the price of butter at the chain store is neither stimulating nor interesting.

It is true that these wives do get from their husbands a kind of companionship which I do not have. At times I am lonely.

But find the wife who is not lonely just as frequently.

Sometimes this is her own fault. My friend Mary is so overfond of her husband that she can find nothing entertaining if he is not around. When he is out of town on a business trip, she is at her wit's end to know what to do with herself.

Married women are lonely from other causes.

Several years ago, Susan, a relative of mine, married a farmer twenty years her senior. Just recently she told me that, if there was one thing in the world which she needed, it was companionship. She felt so alone.

Then there are golf widows, business widows, and research widows. There are couples in their late thirties whose relationship has dwindled down to eating and sleeping together. There is the woman who discovers ten years too late that she has a flair for the intellectual side of life which her husband will never share; or perhaps she learns that she will never comprehend half the thoughts with which her husband spends most of his waking hours.

Marriage may insure a woman against having to earn a living, but it certainly will not insure her against loneliness. In fact, I am lonely less often than many married women for I long ago learned to depend on myself for amusement. (No, I have not read *Live Alone and Like It* and I do not study tap dancing.)

As a compensation for being single, I have, furthermore, an increasing appreciation of sensuous pleasures.

Deprived of one great sense experience, I have learned to value the small things of life very highly: a walk along a crowded city street, an exhilarating swim, a red bird flirting on a telephone wire, the honest-to-goodness fire in my fireplace, red oak leaves in autumn, the taste of black coffee, the noises which I produce by my own faithful drumming on the piano.

This is the stuff of life. It is open to the married and the unmarried alike. But too few married women of my class do derive much enjoyment from their five senses. Sex experience looms so large in their lives that they pass other experiences by as unimportant.

Very few of my married friends get much outdoor exercise. They have no time, they say. Instead, they play bridge, which is interesting to me only when it is not a steady diet.

Their musical life begins and ends with supervising their children's music lessons. At least the pounding which I hear is my own.

To most married women from the suburbs, a day in the city is a day of shopping and movies, just as shopping and movies are the chief sources of amusement for my city friends. They are not interested in intriguing byways, in slum people, in bicycling in the park.

Of course, there are unmarried people who are just as conventional as these, but I think that one will find the majority of them among the married.

No False Sentiment

YES, I HAVE to enjoy other people's children instead of my own. But, since I am a schoolteacher, I often enjoy the children in

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my classes more than their parents do.

At school, most children are on their best behavior. Many are inclined to discuss problems more freely with their teacher than with their parents — no matter how fondly a mother may boast that "my son tells me everything." And then, when Johnny's conversation becomes a nuisance (and even the proudest parent must admit that the conversation of adolescents is frequently boring), I can easily get rid of him.

I can also be more objective about my students than I ever should be about my own children, although I hope that I should never be as foolishly blind about them as are some of the parents I have met.

I can delight in my students when they are courteous, studious, stimulating, and charming. When they are not, I can always send them to the principal! Jimmy's occasional bad temper worries his mother far more than it does me. And, if Sarah insists on going out with a man twice her age, I can give good advice but I lose no sleep over her.

Selfish? No; it just is not my problem.

There are other compensations.

I am independent. What money I have is mine. And I still know of women who have to ask their husbands for spending money. Since I am a teacher, I do not have as much freedom as women in some other professions; still I am not as convention-bound as a minister's wife, and that is what nothing but the grace of God kept me from being. I can bake a cake or mix a salad when I want to but I do not have to worry about preparing food twenty-one times a week.

I have nothing to make me jealous. Some of my friends have. In the three families which I knew most intimately during my first years of teaching, two of the wives were jealous of their husbands, and the third had good reason to be. Many husbands are unfaithful, and most wives are not infrequently jealous.

If this be rationalization, make the most of it. To me it is just common sense scraped free of movie sentiment.

"Marriage has many pains, but celibacy has no pleasures," said Samuel Johnson.

He was right about marriage, but his frugal experience with celibacy hardly makes him an authority on that.

I have no quarrel with marriage.

One summer when I was in my early twenties I was doing graduate work at a large State university. After seeing all the bespectacled spinster schoolteachers rushing across the campus, desperately clasping books and brief cases, I decided that even a marriage of convenience was better than a fate like that.

To a man who loved me but whom I merely liked, I said, "If I'm not married at thirty, I'm going to propose to the first likely man."

And he answered, "Well, be sure to try me first."

He is still single and, as far as I know, not bound by any entangling alliances.

But, the closer I come to that deadline, the less I feel inclined to carry out my own plan. What's wrong with wearing glasses and carrying a brief case, anyway?

I have no quarrel with marriage. But I am not going to marry just to be married or to show that I can catch a man.

If I find a man whom I love and with whom I can enjoy life as much as I do now, I shall marry him any time he wants me to. And I shall try my best to make him want me to.

But I will not shop at the drugstore nor will I buy an article I may have to exchange after a year or two.

To h____l with sentiment! I'm enjoying my spinsterhood.

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The Railroad Emergency

Three Points of View

I—A Square Deal, with No Favoritism

***by* JOHN J. PELLEY**

President, Association of American Railroads

APPRECIATING FULLY the risk of appearing blind, ignorant, and facetious, I want to say with all the emphasis at my command that there is nothing fundamentally wrong with the railroads today. They are sound, virile, progressive public servants, giving the American people the best and cheapest freight and passenger service in the world. They don't need "rehabilitation," however the word may be defined; they need only two things — a square deal and a square meal. One follows the other.

It has been said — probably by those who make mountains out of the molehills of unhappy personal experiences — that the railroads are "behind the times." Railroad management is incompetent; railroad service and facilities are antiquated, they say, with all the conviction which flows from an isolated but nevertheless real and acutely personal experience. It would be just as accurate and fair to say that a typographical error in THE FORUM proved that its editors are illiterate.

Some say, with significant frequency, that the railroads are overcapitalized — hence their present situation. That is to ignore or dispute established figures which are public record, available to all. These records show, among other things, that the total amount of railroad securities of every sort held by the public is billions of dollars *less* than the total investment in railroad property.

Companion of the overcapitalization myth is the allegation that the railroads are laboring under a too-heavy burden of debt which requires fixed charges beyond the ability of the industry to pay. How can this myth be reconciled with the record which proves that the ratio of debt to investment today is *lower* than it was when the railroads were prosperous — or with the record which shows that present fixed charges consume less of gross revenues than in any of the years prior to 1917 when the railroads were "making money?"

There are people, too, who believe that the railroads are suffering from financial skulduggery — the old Wall Street myth in modern dress. The financial history of the American railroads is not spotless, any more than is the financial history of any other industry or even that of government itself. But the record of the industry as a whole — and particularly the records of an overwhelming majority of the individual railroads — proves conclusively that the rail carriers generally have been and are soundly financed. These proofs will inevitably catch up with the myth they explode.

The financial distress of the railroads is a matter of simple arithmetic. They have not been taking in enough money. The margin between income and outgo has been squeezed so thin that it has all but disappeared. On many roads there is no margin — only red-ink entries in the ledger.

Railroad income is inadequate primarily because rail-traffic volume is inadequate. Rail-traffic volume is inadequate partly because the railroads, like all businesses, have suffered from the depression and partly because of a substantial diversion of traffic to other forms of transport.

Diversion presents a more complicated problem. If this diversion represented the result of a fair contest between evenly matched transportation agencies, the railroads would have no complaint. But the competition is neither fair nor even. The user of rail services must pay all the expenses of transportation; the user of other transport service must pay only part of the cost of his transportation — the taxpayer foots the rest of the bill.

This inequality is the result of two inconsistent public policies. One promotes and supports, with the aid of the public purse and by comparative freedom from restrictive regulation, all of the ways — waterways, highways, and airways — all, that is, except the railways. The other is a hangover from the days when the railroads were a monopoly. It includes

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restrictions, limitations, and regulations that may have been in the public interest before the days of boxcars on the highways, canalized rivers, air transport, and all other competitive carrying facilities of this day. But this policy badly needs streamlining; and the streamlining process has been incorporated in a program that has for its motif — a square deal for the railroads.

What the railroads mean by a "square deal" has been bundled up in "a railroad program for solution of the nation's transportation problem." This program contains eighteen specific proposals, designed to attain three major objectives. The first is freedom for the railroads to price their services so as to meet constantly changing industrial, agricultural, and competitive conditions. The second is freedom to consolidate rail properties along natural lines without the handicap of artificial rules or predetermined plans. The third and most important is true equality among all forms of transport — equality in regulation, in taxation, and in subsidy (if subsidies there must be).

The railroads are not asking for special privileges. They are not seeking the destruction of any form of transport that the public wants or needs. They are not shooting at legitimate and impartial regulation in the public interest. They *are* asking the people of the nation for a square deal — which means only those rights accorded to every other business and only those privileges and opportunities accorded the railroads' competitors.

Granted this freedom and equality, the railroads will take care of the rehabilitation job. By so doing, they will lead the parade to national prosperity.

II—A National Program of Rehabilitation

by GEORGE M. HARRISON

Grand President,
Brotherhood of Railway and Steamship Clerks

THE RAILROADS' DIFFICULTIES have arisen primarily from reduced traffic, uneconomical competition, and the exercise of unwise financial policy by the roads themselves.

While improvement in general business will undoubtedly strengthen the financial position of the railroads, increased traffic alone will not place the railroad industry or the transportation industry on a sound basis.

Any program in this direction must take into account the equalization of regulation and subsidization of agencies of transportation, correction of railroad financial policies, elimination of governmental impositions which have outlived their usefulness, and improvement in railroad operating policy.

Between 1926 and 1937 (while freight traffic handled by intercity trucks increased 84.4 per cent, that handled by inland-waterway carriers 76.9 per cent, pipe lines 106.4 per cent, and commercial-aid transport 100 per cent), the freight traffic handled by the railroads decreased 18.7 per cent. While in 1926 the railroads handled more than three fourths of the country's freight traffic, today they handle less than two thirds of it.

The decline in the proportion of railroad passenger traffic has been ever greater.

During earlier periods the railroads prospered as general business prospered. Today, however, the situation is materially different. Railroad traffic and revenues no longer increase in direct proportion to the increase in general business, because of competition in the transportation field which is unfair, uneconomical, and inimical to the public interest.

The railroads should be put on an equal footing with other agencies of transportation both as to governmental regulation and subsidization. This presupposes the adoption, in the first instance, of a national transportation policy by the government, to provide equal opportunity for each of the several forms of transportation and special favors for none. An essential corollary of the equalization of regulation and promotion of transportation by the government is the centralization of administrative functions, relating primarily to the development of a well-balanced transportation system. These duties might well be brought together in an independent transportation board, with the I.C.C. exercising

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rate control in each form of transportation.

The federal government should require the payment of fair tolls for the commercial use of inland waterways.

The railroad industry during the year 1938 had available, after the payment of operating expenses, taxes, and rentals (joint facility and equipment) and after allowance for depreciation, approximately $362,000,000 — accountable for in other industries as profit. Interest accrued on funded and unfunded railroad debt during the year amounted to approximately $490,000,000. Thus railroad operations showed a net deficit, after fixed charges, of approximately $150,000,000.

The fixed interest obligations of a number of railroads at the present time substantially exceed the value of the roads themselves.

The average ratio of fixed debt to value of Class I railroads now in receivership is 72 per cent. Fixed interest-bearing debt, as proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission in its reorganization reports on individual railroads, has in no case exceeded 50 per cent of the value of the property, has been as low as 4.2 per cent, and has averaged 23.7 per cent.

It is incumbent on the railroads themselves to adjust their operations in line with public demand, particularly so with respect to service and rates. The policy of the carriers heretofore has been in the direction of heavy power and equipment, long trains, fewer schedules, and greater economy per ton-mile. Shippers now demand speed, service, and reasonable rates. Railroad transportation can be speeded up through light, faster equipment, running at more frequent intervals.

The railroad network must necessarily constitute the framework of any effective plan of national defense. For this reason, if for no other, government loans should be made available to the railroads to enable them to catch up on the maintenance of their ways, structures, and equipment, which in many cases has been long deferred, and to make possible the acquisition of up-to-date equipment.

Maintenance and equipment loans should be at low interest rates and of long-term duration, conditioned on repayment, in whole or part, prior to the payment by the railroads of any contingent charges or dividends.

As proposed recently by the President's Railroad Committee, the railroads might well be afforded more equitable treatment by the extension of the power of the Interstate Commerce Commission with respect to intrastate rates, in the matter of assessment of State taxes, in connection with the elimination of grade crossings and the reconstruction of railroad bridges and other facilities for public benefit, and in other respects.

Accorded equal treatment and fair consideration, with the readjustment of their financial structures and adherence to sound business policy, together with the prompt acceptance of available opportunities better to serve the public at reasonable rates, and with fair and enlightened treatment for their employees, the railroads should again assume and maintain their rightful status of one of our major wealth-producing units.

One million railroad workers whose lives have been invested in the industry sincerely hope that this may be the case.

III—Risks and Profits For Investors

by **ELIOT JANEWAY**

Consultant Economist

THIS RAILROAD CRISIS has become a luxury for which the American people can no longer afford to pay.

If our economy is to run, it must have some $20,000,000,000 of new capital invested each year in new plant and equipment of all kinds. The volume of such expenditure since 1929 has fallen woefully short of this, in very good part because the railroads have practically stopped absorbing new equipment.

If a new 1932 is to be avoided, capital expenditure by industry as a whole must increase by at least $5,000,000,000 to $10,000,000,000 a year. Of this total, the railroads must be put into a position to absorb some $2,000,000,000 a year. Certainly, there is no other really major and basic industry which has starved its plant so cruelly and which, in one lump, could absorb

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such a large volume of new equipment. It might well take half a dozen large industries a couple of years to revive the heavy industries as effectively as the railroads could in half a year. At any rate, the railroad system as a whole must absorb new equipment in volume sufficient to boom the heavy industries if it is to scrap inefficient and unsafe junk now on the lines, if it is to buy some bolts and replace some outworn brakes and patch up some rail. Without envisaging wholesale replacement and modernization, existing railroad facilities cannot be restored to any kind of competitive, profitable, or even safe condition.

Before the stock market went haywire on the wrong side on January 23, there had been a great deal of confidence generally about the business outlook for the first half of 1939 — that is, in most business quarters. But not in most railroad rolling-stock departments.

Shortly after Thanksgiving, when optimism was greatest, I had a talk with the chief engineer of the rolling-stock department of one of the great trunk systems.

I asked him what he thought of the business picture, and was surprised to hear him say that he feared it would get better.

"Well, what are you afraid of?" I asked.

"If business gets better and car loadings rise, how will our jalopies move the freight?" he countered.

The railroads, then, need all the equipment they can get. And the country can't get along without their being able to buy enough equipment to overhaul them pretty thoroughly. Before getting down to cases, let's stop to examine the special kind of employment — and the unique stimulus — provided by activity like railroad equipment, heavy-goods activity.

The structure of our economy is such that every dollar of capital put into the heavy industries breeds two dollars of purchasing power before its influence has been exhausted; at least, this is what the annual tables on capital expenditures and consumption expenditures show. As Phil La Follette once put it, capital expenditure is seed from which retail dollars sprout.

If ever we needed such sprouting, it is now. The plain fact is that in the last ten years the country has accumulated no fat on which to live, while it can't go on in this way much longer without using up a great deal of fat.

In this showdown between re-employment and permanent stagnation, the railroad industry offers us our most immediate and powerful lever for throwing the economy into action once more. Two billions a year put to work in this central spot for two or three years cannot fail to generate many times that much purchasing power. The alternative makes the present rate of stagnation seem like Utopia. For the alternative is another 1932. An economy is a dynamic thing. Like the stock market, it can't stand still for very long. It either gains momentum or loses momentum. What doesn't go up must come down — which is another way of saying there isn't much time left in which to put some men to work and create some new wealth to replace the old debt-ridden wealth which can't pay its way because it belongs in the scrap heap.

So much for what the country needs. What do the railroads need if they are to fill their necessary role in the national economy?

They need a good house cleaning, such a "diehard" tycoon as E. T. Weir told me in an interview a year ago, before the railroad crisis had really become acute. No one can doubt that Mr. Weir stands for the independence of business, but, as he says, that's why he has no use for the way in which the railroads have been run. Capitalism can't run that way.

Specifically, when a company like his National Steel suffers a loss, it forgets about it. But the railroads, over a period of years, have borrowed long-term, supposedly gilt-edged, bonds, to cover losses they refused to forget about. They have capitalized their losses, instead of writing down their capital for them.

Moreover, when a company worth its salt finds a new way or a new machine to perform a given operation, it scraps the old one. It can afford to, because the first "take" on any machine is always segregated by such companies to be used for precisely such reinvestment and economizing. The railroads have never done this. Most of their equipment is at least twenty years old, some of it forty. Yet all of the revolutionary advances in efficiency have been achieved since the depression. The railroads say they cannot afford to buy the new cost-cutting equipment which would enable them to reduce their freight rates so that they could compete with the trucks. And indeed they cannot, so long as they sink every

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penny they can lay their hands on into the bottomless pit called interest — interest on obsolete equipment which can't be scrapped because it hasn't been paid for through all these years and which can't be run because it is too old and too costly and perhaps not safe.

During the Wheeler-committee hearings on railroad finance, Pat Joyce of the Chicago Great Western told the committee that, when he rode through the yards on a good, modern train that paid its own way and had to look out on track after track of junk that could never again earn its keep, his heart bled for the profits of the modern train which had to be wasted on the support of the accumulated debt structure built up by the last generation. And there is a real point there. For all of the new passenger trains are earning profits, earned profits right through the 1938 recession, although for years railroad presidents assured the public that passenger operations were a public service which could never pay for themselves. The profits of the small percentage of equipment which is new have been siphoned off to pay the deficits and debts of the large percentage of equipment which a competitive railroad industry can no longer afford to run.

One great and overcapitalized system which has been on the verge of receivership for many months and which, according to reliable report has been paying its interest but not its taxes or coal bills, typifies a basic abuse.

Last year, I wrote an article in which I argued that the railroads would be much better off if they scrapped their equipment as ruthlessly as the auto companies, which turn their machinery over every three or four years (the railroads charge "depreciation" off against earnings and then apply the "depreciation" fund for every other purpose).

In answer to my article, I received some heartfelt correspondence from the president of the above system. The substance of his admissions was that his road had spent some money on new locomotives which were all that they had been cracked up to be — their savings were remarkable. But the road could never realize these savings, because it could not run the new locomotives over the old bridges west of a certain point. It had never been able to find the $8,000,000 needed to strengthen the bridges, but it had spent many times $8,000,000 in interest on the bonds secured by the old bridges!

What other industry could afford to bleed its property in order to "protect" its security holders? As the holders of rail securities are learning to their sorrow, this abuse has not protected them.

If we follow the analogy with the auto industry, a simple solution to the problem of equipment buying presents itself.

Back in the 'twenties, the Chrysler Corporation was created out of the ruins of the old Willys Company. The holders of the worthless paper of the bankrupt have certainly done well by themselves if they have hung onto the Chrysler stock that was going for a song then. But there was no "security" involved in the deal. There was no take for any investor until the bridges had been strengthened so that the locomotives could show a profit.

Let's do the same thing to railroad paper. A third of the roads are not paying interest any longer; another third will stop if business gets worse. Let's ask the bondholders to stop gambling against certain bankruptcy by exchanging their worthless paper for stock. Let this stock hold title to the new equipment that could be bought with the millions now wasted on a sagging bond structure. Of course this involves risk. But look at the bonds, which bounce around today like the riskiest cat-and-dog stock. They're not even good risks. At least the new equipment can pay for itself, and stock based on it is certain to pay handsome dividends to its owners. Moreover, if the railroads went onto a profit-as-you-earn basis and frankly junked outmoded equipment, there would be no difficulty in borrowing money with which to install new equipment. The government would be justified in advancing funds to buy equipment which pays for itself every five or six years; investments like that don't turn up every day.

But, first of all, the President has to tell the roads that they must compete. Rates must be cut, and interest must be stopped on property not paying its own way (and paying for the cost of replacing itself as well). Only the new equipment can protect the hapless holders of worthless title to the high-cost equipment now on the tracks. And only the new equipment can enable the roads to cut rates into a competitive range. If we don't get this kind of work pretty soon, we'd better quit trying to run a civilized show.

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The News Abroad

What Can Mr. Chamberlain Do?

by VERNON BARTLETT

Vernon Bartlett, a young member of the British House of Commons noted for his independence and the Editor of the London* World Review, *will write for* THE FORUM *a month-to-month commentary on European affairs from the British point of view

"But what would *you* do," the critics of the British government are always asked, "if you were in Chamberlain's situation?"

It is not enough to answer that the question is unfair because we never should have allowed ourselves to get into Chamberlain's situation, that ever since the peace conference we have been in favor of concessions to prevent the development of something like National Socialism and against concessions when National Socialism became domineering and aggressive, that we have agreed since the early days of the wars in China and Spain that it was a British interest to help the Chinese and Spanish governments, that we think it naïve and dangerous to hope to break the Rome-Berlin "axis" by cajoling first the leader at one end of it and then the leader at the other end.

Well, what *would* we do? Here is a situation more surrounded with dangers to such liberties as we Englishmen possess than any in which England has found herself for centuries. Hitler may not yet be as openly an enemy of Britain as Napoleon was, and his conquests are not so far-reaching, but Britain is much more dependent on overseas trade than she was five generations ago. A century of easy prosperity because the world was willing to pour its riches into their laps in return for their coal has made the English soft and lazy. The rise of these dictators anxious to possess themselves of English wealth has coincided with terrible maladjustments in the British Isles because that same coal is now being replaced by oil and water power. Very slowly the British are organizing their immense resources for war, but the temptation to the dictators to strike before the British are strong may easily become irresistible. The people of Great Britain, lacking guidance and leadership, are either fatuously optimistic or dangerously defeatist.

Here, I think, is an immediate and practical policy.

In foreign affairs it is no longer of any use to talk about the obligations of the Covenant of the League. That document may yet become the world's Magna Charta, for there can be no lasting peace without generally accepted rules for collective resistance to aggressors. But it has been treated with such contempt by the British and other governments that public opinion would not now honor its obligations. Therefore, we in England should make it clear which nations we should help, were they to be attacked, and how far we should go to help them.

The Dominions, France, Spain, Holland, Belgium, and Egypt are the most obvious. A threat to any of those countries is so obviously a threat to us that our people would be prepared to fight for them. A threat to many other countries would affect us so much for cultural, economic, or strategic reasons that we could at least give them financial help if they were attacked — China, for example.

But one of these first-category nations, Spain, has already been attacked. Then help *should have been* given to her government without delay.

Even some who have been pleading the rebel general's cause for two years have suddenly awakened to the dangers of German or Italian air and submarine bases round the coast of Spain. For two years, as a result of the most shameless example of class prejudice in modern history, the English Conservatives have allowed the Italians and the Germans to gain control over territory as vital to the British commonwealth of nations as the Lowlands and the Channel ports. The disastrous results

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have not been very obvious because, despite the handicaps we put in their way, the Spanish republicans went on fighting their desperate and epic war. The slow-going indignation of the British people at least prevented Mr. Chamberlain from completing their destruction by agreeing to Signor Mussolini's demand that belligerent rights should be recognized for General Franco. But the Duce made it quite clear during the Rome visit that he would continue to send arms to the rebels.

We should have denounced the "nonintervention" agreement and claimed the same right to help the Spanish government as Messrs. Hitler and Mussolini took for themselves to help General Franco. A second step should now be to give large credits to the Chinese government, since the Japanese have made it clear that in the event of a victory they will push our trade out of the Far East altogether. These are ordinary defense measures, and the fact that they happen to tally with international conceptions of law and decency makes them all the more advisable, since their adoption would win the sympathy of the smaller "neutral" states, the Dominions, and the United States.

The third step follows on logically from this line of thought. In a frank struggle between two rival imperialisms, there is little to win the support of the onlookers. There is no reason why even the Dominions should fight for a Great Britain which ceased to represent their conceptions of freedom and fair play. They would prefer to turn to the United States, whose interpretation of democracy is much nearer their own than is that of Great Britain. We in England are far more ready to believe that every English-speaking individual would at once spring to our defense, whatever menaced us. But that is greatly to underestimate the effect in the United States, in New Zealand, in Canada, in the Union of South Africa of the Hoare-Laval plan, the dismissal of Anthony Eden, the betrayal of the Czechs, the cowardly pretense of nonintervention in Spain. If we are to be sure of the immediate support of the English-speaking peoples and of the smaller countries of Europe, our foreign policy must be based on honest and sound principles.

We should, in other words, make a perfectly clear statement of our political beliefs, which would turn people's minds away from panic isolation or surrender and toward a rebuilding of collective security. This, again, could no more be considered an unfriendly or a provocative act than a refusal still to be bound by a Spanish nonintervention agreement which Signor Mussolini does not pretend to respect. The earlier attempt at a collective system failed because it was based on political opportunism rather than on political belief. What we need at the moment is not a rigid and unholy Holy Alliance but a loose association of states who, because they have in common certain conceptions of decency and democracy, are prepared to co-operate in many spheres of activity.

But if the British Empire is to survive, she must also carry through important domestic reforms to give her greater strength.

"Why Hitler will win," a prominent Nazi said to me at the time of the Hitler-Chamberlain talk at Berchtesgaden, "is because he has realized that the wealth of a nation is not the amount of gold hidden away in the vaults of its national bank but is the brains and muscles of its citizens."

There are far too many Englishmen whose service to the state consists in sitting on their backsides in Pall Mall clubs. If the nation is to be strong she must develop a new conception of wealth and a new respect for labor. It is a disgrace and a shame that there should be people able to profiteer on the nation's food in time of peace or on her sandbags and shells in time of war; and, while such conditions obtain, the merits of "democracy" are not so obvious that her citizens will go out to fight for it as one man. If we English want to persuade the dictators that our democracy must be treated with a healthy respect, we should at once have a Ministry of Supply and a national effort which would bring back into employment, whatever the cost, hundreds of thousands of men who are now learning to drag out dismal and useless lives in hungry idleness.

If we were in Chamberlain's situation, we should not expect the people to be united behind us except on a progressive social policy — or to have confidence in us while we built them little tin huts as protection against high explosive — or to respect us while our conception of leadership was to do nothing until a resentful public or a loud-mouthed dictator pushed us into some action.

The British people are not decadent, but their leaders are.

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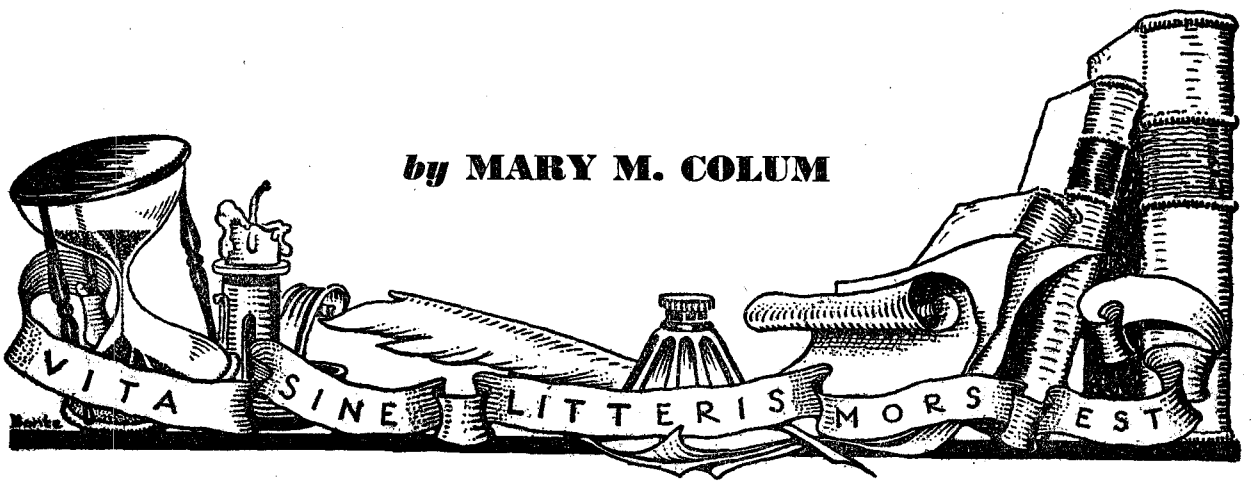
Life and Literature

The Professorial Mind *



by **MARY M. COLUM**

THERE IS an undercurrent of resentment that can be observed from time to time between the academic and the literary worlds — and this despite the fact that many professors are distinguished littérateurs and that many distinguished littérateurs are professors. This academic-literary conflict was seen in full activity about a decade ago, when some professors had a cause they called the New Humanism, which also attracted a number of lay adherents.

After considerable experience of all species of intelligentsia and the causes they run after, I am convinced that in 90 per cent of the cases the cause itself does not matter at all but the manner in which the cause is pursued gives some sort of outlet to complexes and inhibitions, some sort of build-up for personality. We all know timid people who get great satisfaction out of being warlike in print or on platforms for or against some cause, furious adherents of radical theories, who in mentality and temperament are extreme reactionaries. Philip Freund, the author of a recent novel, *Dreams of Youth*, opens his story with a few pages of brilliant analysis of the erotic appeal of some causes and of the attraction that violence and creeds of violence have for "intellectuals starved for or sated with emotional experiences." Another generation may realize the danger to the world of such types, but in our day they are having it all their own way.

As far as the New Humanism was concerned, there was no doubt of the seriousness of the professors who were its proponents; their literary antagonists had it against them that they showed no clear comprehension of the fact that literature was an art.

The intellectual battle that developed over the New Humanism was valuable: it stirred up an excitement over artistic and philosophical ideas. However, it ended too quickly and, anyway, it was a quarrel that in some shape or another had been fought many times before in literature. After a debate in Carnegie Hall in which the *Führer* of the movement, Professor Irving Babbitt, took part, the cause rather petered out, and the bulk of the lay adherents of the New Humanism took up other causes, varying from the Spanish and Chinese causes to social credit and things like spiritism and extrasensory perception.

But among the professors there still remain adherents of the original congregation. One of them, Professor G. R. Elliott, who differed from some of the others in his approach to literature in the fact that he had a sense that literature was an art and not just the expression of intellectual and ethical concepts or the raw material of scholarship, is the author of a book before me, *Humanism and the Imagination*.

In spite of the respect that this book gives us for Professor Elliott's mentality, it helps to

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* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *The books discussed by Mrs. Colum in this article are:* Humanism and the Imagination, *by G. R. Elliott (North Carolina, $2.50);* Culture, *by Ezra Pound (New Directions, $2.50);* Matthew Arnold, *by Lionel Trilling (Norton, $3.50);* Lord Macaulay, Victorian Liberal, *by Richmond Croom Beatty (Oklahoma, $3.00);* Unforgotten Years, *by Logan Pearsall Smith (Little, Brown, $2.50).*

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reveal what is really the matter with some professors as teachers of literature. They take it for granted that professors are more important than the makers of literature; they have small comprehension of the artistic mentality. As the peacock in Yeats's poem was certain that God was a superpeacock, so Professor Elliott is under the impression that all supermen are professors. Only some of them are.

When he had a sabbatical year in 1927–28, Professor Elliott could think of no more rewarding way of spending it than in Cambridge, Massachusetts, partly to be near Professor Babbitt, partly to be near the Harvard library. He would have equipped himself better for the teaching of literature if he had devoted his sabbatical year to learning to dance the *rumba* or to play the flute, for literature is more in the nature of dancing and flute playing than it is in the nature of anything that Professor Babbitt wrote.

However, his thirst for Professor Babbitt was not sated, and a couple of years later he took a cottage near him in New Hampshire. As a result of this intimacy we have the second essay in *Humanism and the Imagination:* "Irving Babbitt as I Knew Him," written from the point of view of "And did you once see Shelley plain, and did he stop and speak to you? . . . How strange it is and new!"

Other essays are mostly taken up with professors. Occasionally one almost believes that Professor Elliott is writing ironically, in the manner of Hilaire Belloc. He informs us that Professor Stuart Sherman's *Contemporary Literature* is "one of the really distinguished works of criticism in our language" and that Paul Elmer More "is amongst the dozen leading critics in the English language" and that "a thing that Milton did for English poetry, More has done for English criticism."

Now what can Professor Elliott be suffering from — too much campus, too many professors, a lopsided scholarship, too scanty an acquaintance with makers of literature, a defective sense of life?

Nobody who knows More's work can deny that he was a genuine literary critic; he moved through literatures as one born to them, and all he wrote had its own quiet distinction. But he was a man for whom the world was a library and literature a collection of books. A great scholar, he had not the energy that makes a man a vital figure; he had none of the dynamism of Professor Babbitt, who happened not to be a literary critic at all. But he had real sensitivity to certain kinds of literature, a distinguished and disinterested mind; and perhaps this is enough to keep him in the histories of American literature. But to write about these professorial authorities as Professor Elliott does shows a lack of that Aristotelian measure that they were out to praise.

A Dissector of Literature

It is very doubtful if Irving Babbitt had any comprehension of literature as an art. What he understood about it was limited, for the most part, to its intellectual, philosophical, or ethical content. If he had been a professor of philosophy or theology, this might not have been a serious defect, but he was a professor of French literature at Harvard; and, though undoubtedly his vigorous mind and thought stirred his classes, it was not in the direction of making them more susceptible to literature.

He was capable of missing the *integritas* of a piece of literature, breaking it up as if it were a chemical and classifying the bits under fantastic terms. Some of the most enchanting passages in English and French poetry he would attack because they were "romantic" or what he called "Arcadian." Chateaubriand's and Shelley's poems to a visionary lady he termed "Nympholepsy." He actually wrote about Keats: "Whether he would ever have achieved genuine ethical purpose is a question."

He would hunt through the philosophers to find if something in a poem had had some previous philosophic statement. Of Keats's "Beauty is Truth, Truth Beauty," he wrote: "Following Shaftsbury . . . he identifies Truth and Beauty." His comments on some of the loveliest lines of Coleridge, Blake, and Baudelaire can only make one wonder how a man with so much information about literature could have been so fundamentally dense about it. A man of great intellectual vigor, he was an original without possessing original ideas.

When Irving Babbit was a student at the Sorbonne, Mallarmé was still alive, and Verlaine was still alive; but we may be sure from his later comments on their work that it would not have interested him to know them. What he did swallow completely in contemporary French writing were some sorts of criticism,

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especially the work of Pierre Lasserre, the man who first put forward the idea that Rousseau was responsible for the creation of integral romanticism. In a work of Lasserre's, entitled *Romanticisme Français*, published in 1907, are to be found all the ideas that Professor Babbitt developed in *Rousseau and Romanticism*. A short account of that work of Lasserre's which I take from a French critic, Christian Seneschal, is exactly like the summing-up of the contents of Babbitt's *Rousseau and Romanticism*. For Lasserre, Rousseau was

> the type of prophet who thinks with his instincts. He exercised a baneful influence on all domains — art, literature, morals, politics and religion. By his individualism and his idealizing of passion; through his fear of real life and his dreams of happiness in solitude, he has been antisocial; by his contempt for traditional regulations ("convention is good for stifling genius and suppressing individuality") he is the originator of anarchy in art; by his pantheism, his religion of progress, his conception of the goodness of human nature, his apotheosis of the individual, of love, of equalitarianism, by his Messianism, he has disorganized morals, corrupted taste, annihilated the faculty of thinking — so much for what Rousseau has done.

Lasserre considered that the cure for all this was to get back to Aristotelianism and the classical philosophers and writers. To what he derived from Lasserre, Irving Babbitt added some more ideas from Baron Seillière, whose books on Rousseau, on romanticism, on democracy are well known. Where Lasserre and Seillière had been balanced, if biased, in their estimate of the harm Rousseau had done, Irving Babbitt got a sort of *idée fixe* on the subject: he saw Rousseau everywhere — but especially in the great poets of the nineteenth century, all of whom he managed to look down on.

His misunderstanding of poetry was notorious. Here is a characteristic comment.

"Coleridge plainly only continues Rousseau in —

> "O Lady, we receive but what we give,
> And in our life alone doth Nature live."

Now plainly this is the opposite of Rousseau's doctrine, and if it derives from any philosopher it is from Berkley.

The Wisdom of an Eccentric

In the present-day discontent with the teaching of literature in the universities, it should be shown resolutely and repeatedly that great scholarship, ethical purpose, and high intellect are not enough in a teacher of literature; the primary thing is an innate sense of *literature as an art*.

One can assert this without going the road that Ezra Pound goes in his *Culture*, wherein professors are laid out and trampled on. This, too, is unmeasured; one has only to read a list of distinguished names at the Harvard Tercentenary to perceive the number of professors who are among the great figures of the world.

Pound declares:

> A vast mass school-learning is dead. It is as deadly as corpse-infection. . . . The continued blithering of University presses, the whole foetid lot of 'em, men with no human curiosity, gorillas, primitive congeries of protoplasmic cells without conning-towers, without nervous organisms more developed than that of amoebas.

It seems to me from the fury of this sentence that Ezra Pound must have been perusing certain of the publications of that professorial club, the Modern Language Association, where literature is treated as if it were a body of fossil remains.

It can be said for Ezra Pound that for him literature and thought are alive, whether they are as old as Confucius or as contemporary as Yeats. Unfortunately, his book has neither organization in its form, discipline in its thought, or measure in its utterance; it is a series of observations, sound and brilliant for the most part, varied with idle remarks, intellectual tittle-tattle and backchat to editors and professors.

For many years an exile, Ezra Pound is a remarkable American. He has understood more varied forms of modern art than any man alive; we find his influence at the back not only of a good deal of modern writing but of much music and sculpture. In writing he has influenced men as widely apart as Yeats, who dedicates books to him; Joyce, whose work he backed when hardly anybody else understood it; and T. S. Eliot, who (much to Professor G. R. Elliott's dismay) mentions Pound's name in the same breath as Irving Babbitt's. His is one of those critical mentalities that fling ideas into circulation.

Reading this book, *Culture*, like reading some of his Cantos, is an experience somewhat similar to that of standing beside an archaeologist who is digging up fragments and records of civilization — not any particular civilization but bits of civilization generally. He puts in one

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heap bits that showed imaginative achievement or indicated a way toward some orderly system of government.

> Caesar was a hi-jacker [he exclaims, as he puts some bits on a heap], Crassus a Wall Street bloater, but Antoninus, Constantine and Justinian were serious characters; they were trying to work out an orderly system, a *modus vivendi* for vast multitudes of mankind.

What does Pound demand of a serious character? It is that he should be against usury and monopoly and take some steps to control them. He spades up the Nichomachean ethics, examines the stuff, compares Aristotle (whom, for some cheap reason that eludes us, he calls "Arry") to Confucius or, more pedantically, Kung — for Pound, like T. S. Eliot and Babbitt, has a fantastic pedantry — and shows that Kung was for longer spaces the more serious character.

A good civilization, for Pound, is one in which money is so controlled that usury and monopoly are minimized. Our own civilization is in a parlous condition because of usury and monopoly.

Here we discover what is at the back of Pound's well-known enthusiasm for Mussolini and the present Italian regime. He notes:

> Italy A.D. 1937, Anno. XV. fifty two million lire in fines on financial traitors, five million in gold seized from a gang of financiers engaged in smuggling gold and bonds.

This makes Mussolini a serious character, adding something creative to civilization. But then, to be sure, Il Duce has spoken of the necessity for poetry, and this would also mark him as a serious character.

One can see that there will be a good deal of adverse criticism of this book of Ezra Pound's; but, if a reader goes through it carefully, marking on one side the extravagances, the inexcusable eccentricities, the meaningless billingsgate and, on the other, the insight, the learning, the profound sense of art and literature, the real thinking, then the balance will be heavy on the right side. When we lay *Culture* down, we have to say that it has affected our thinking on many subjects, and this is a good deal to say for a book. Reading it, one cannot help wishing that Pound had a roving lectureship through the colleges and universities to help counteract what is stale and dead in their thought.

Matthew Arnold's Times

Surprisingly enough, Matthew Arnold's name does not once appear in Pound's book on culture. It appears in all the other books mentioned in this article. Perhaps this is because all the other books are by professors, and Arnold's influence on the academic world of America as well as England has been very pervading.

The very first life of Arnold that has ever appeared has now been written by an American professor, Lionel Trilling. The author has attempted to write a biography on new lines, to show a poet, literary critic, and reformer through the events and in the events of his time. The total result is a statement of Arnold's ideas in relation to the age in which he figured — an age that remembered the French Revolution and the beginnings of romanticism; an age in which the industrial revolution was coming to its full power; an age in which the great change in poetry brought about by Coleridge and Wordsworth was being strongly felt, for Wordsworth was still living when Arnold was writing his first poems, and literature then affected people with an impact that only political ideologies have now.

We have in *Matthew Arnold* an account of the rise of the middle class with its *laissez faire* policy, the conflict of the Anglican Church and the dissenting bodies, the decay of Bible Christianity, the attempt to dissociate the Christian idea from religious dogma, the cropping out of theories of race. It makes a great web of ideas and interests, and it must have taken a great deal of work, research, and judgment on the part of the author to get the pattern of the various strands in such a web and to present the pattern so clearly. *Matthew Arnold* is a brilliant and interesting book, showing wide scholarship and exhibiting a distinguished array of talents.

But the author draws too heavily on the social and political events; at times we hardly see the subject of the biography at all. Then, though Lionel Trilling moves easily from one literature to another in the pursuit of Arnold's literary interests, he does more of this than is essential. Quotations from John Dewey, Goethe, Guyau, and a horde of others, even a synopsis of Arnold's niece's novel, *Robert Elsmere*, seriously interfere with the movement of the biog-

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raphy. Further, the author's speculations, cogitations, and musings, though interesting in themselves, enlarge the scope of the volume too greatly; and in places there is too much raw research material. It is well, in a work of this kind, not to put in everything that one finds of interest and to keep some of the scholarship in one's notebooks. It would have taken maybe two years' more work to reduce this book by a third, but it would have been worth while doing this; for the author's sensitive talent is worth a great deal in contemporary history and biography, and he has produced a book that will not die in a season.

Matthew Arnold was a professor, and some of the most interesting pages in this book deal with the inaugural lecture which, as professor of poetry, he delivered at Oxford. Sympathetic as Lionel Trilling is with Arnold's ideas, he is no blind adherent to Arnold's slogans, such as "high seriousness," "religion as morality touched with emotion," which once seemed so right. At the same time, he often forgets that he is discussing Arnold's ideas and puts forward too many of his own; he emphasizes too much the notion that a social and political judgment was inherent in Arnold's judgment of literature — actually it was the moral judgment he was most often concerned with.

Taine declared that the great fault of English criticism was that it was always moral and never psychological and that the tendency of all English literature was to lose sight, in man, of all but the exterior and social side. Lionel Trilling, fine as his literary sensitivity is, has too much social emphasis in his criticism. This is a fault of a great deal of American criticism: it does not pay due attention to the interior life which, after all, is so much of what literature is about. The best of Arnold's criticism derives from the fact that he was a poet and so was oriented to the interior life; the qualities of his prose style, the finest pages that he wrote, came from what he felt and learned as a poet and from the fact that he was impelled to put the best words in the best order.

A Victorian Liberal

The social group that Arnold was to denounce as the Philistines was the very group that, a generation previously, Thomas Babington Macaulay glorified — the English middle class.

A good deal of Macaulay can be "debunked," as his new biographer, Richmond Croom Beatty, shows. Even in his youth, he "had already learned to write and speak in the vague but reassuring terms of the politician." That continued to be the defect in Macaulay's writing. Though he was probably the last great master of rhetoric, though he had the power of making an inspiring pronouncement, the power that Demosthenes, Cicero, and Edmund Burke had, he had always the implications and the reservations of the politician.

After reading Macaulay's *Essays*, even after being stirred by his ringing sentences, there becomes clear to us the need for the effort that Matthew Arnold was to undertake later to "see the object as it really is." For the age dominated by Macaulay was easily bamboozled. Macaulay's allegiance was exclusively to the order of his time, an order that included sweatshops, child labor, feudal landlordism — in short, the order that moved Karl Marx to write *Das Kapital*.

Richmond Croom Beatty, in his compact and swiftly moving biography, adopts just the right note of irony with regard to some of Macaulay's actions and utterances. Here is Macaulay overcome with awe at the Crystal Palace Exhibition, which for him was the culmination of world civilization. Here is Macaulay's encounter with Von Ranke, each of the historians ignorant of the other's language and each speaking a French that the other could not comprehend. Here is Macaulay noting in Wordsworth "the old raptures about mountains and cataracts, the old flimsy philosophy about the effect of scenery on the mind, the old crazy mystical metaphysics."

Students of the nineteenth century should read this biography to understand the political and social ideas that Arnold fought in the next age and that Karl Marx blew to smithereens. Though Macaulay was a Liberal, though he sincerely regarded himself as the opponent of an outworn and decadent political philosophy, his sort of liberalism has done a great deal to bring the term into the disrepute in which it is at present.

In his day he advanced tolerance; he exercised an immense influence; he made a code for India that is still in use; he wrote a history that had the sale of a popular novel and ballads that nearly every reader of English knows, *The Lays*

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of Ancient Rome. There are stirring passages in such essays as *Warren Hastings* and *Frederick the Great* that have made a lasting entrance into any minds that can be moved by the pageantry of words. People going on long voyages used to take the Bible and Macaulay's *Essays* with them, and it didn't matter to them that his facts were not very well supported and that he took any evidence that helped him make a partisan's point.

But very justly Richmond Croom Beatty points out that "Macaulay enlarged inquiry into the past far beyond the scope of previous historians." His merits indeed are outstanding: he was a first-rate storyteller in prose and verse; the descendant of Gaelic Highland shanachies, he had their narrative ability of making a brave appeal through a colorful language; it is his style, as his present biographer points out, that lives on.

The Ivory Tower

In Logan Pearsall Smith's *Unforgotten Years* we have Matthew Arnold again, this time Arnold in the flesh, in a suit of loud checks, shocking the well-bred young man from Philadelphia by looking so red-faced and hearty, shocking the young man's inverted snobbery by talking about the Saxon court — the encounter was in Dresden — and about "certain dear Princesses who were his special friends."

As this autobiography begins, the author is on a yacht cruising in the Aegean, a yacht flying the white ensign of the Royal Navy and belonging to the Royal Yacht Squadron — "that most exclusive of all the clubs of this universe." This provides the keynote of these reminiscences. There is here a genial gentility, a Balliol intellectual fastidiousness, a gently humorous attitude toward mild breaches of good form, mild breaches of conduct. We are brought into the world of Whistler, of Pater, of Henry James, of Jowett of Balliol, of some scatterbrained members of the British aristocracy, of Edith Wharton on her yacht; surprisingly, we are brought into the world of Walt Whitman in Camden, and there is also a world of Philadelphia Quakers and Evangelists, the account of whom gives us an important sidelight on American history.

Logan Pearsall Smith's taste in literature is subtle and sophisticated. A careful stylist, like all such he is devoted to Pater and to Flaubert; Flaubert he calls "my saint and my hero," and the four volumes of Flaubert's letters were "like a Bible" to him. One is all the more shocked to find him knowing so little of the man Flaubert or his life as to be capable of the error of referring to Maupassant as his nephew.

All these books, though they relate to various people and ideas, though they come out of different mentalities, leave on the mind, singly and together, the impression of having all been written by men living sheltered lives in studies surrounded by books, far away from the usual turmoil of life. It is worth noticing that none of Matthew Arnold's work gives this impression at all.

In an early issue:

"What I Believe,"

by John Strachey

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The Forum Quiz

This quiz is designed especially for FORUM readers — to please them but not to measure their intelligence. The questions should not be difficult for the average person. They cover both the light and the serious aspects of politics, science, sports, business, and the arts. A good score this month, counting 2½ points for each one right, is 65 (answers on page xii of the advertising section).

1. *In France he produced one of the best films of 1938. Years ago in Hollywood he used to portray Continental villains and, as a director, battle lustily with the producers. Now, you'll know his name is:*
   (a) *Ernst Lubitsch* (b) *René Claire*
   (c) *Eric von Stroheim* (d) *Josef von Sternberg*

2. *You are a serious beau of seventeen. Your best girl, gazing on you rhapsodically, inquires, "Have you heard any whodunits lately?" You would correctly reply:*
   (a) *"No, sugar, I seldom listen to the radio."*
   (b) *"Sure, any game's fun in a porch swing with you."*
   (c) *"I don't like off-color stories, but go ahead."*

3. *The year 1939 marks two great centenaries, but we'll ask you first to identify the artist born in 1839 who is the father of modern painting:*
   (a) *Gauguin* (b) *Monet* (c) *Manet* (d) *Cézanne*

4. *And the man whose pioneer experimentation in photography was recognized in 1839 was:*
   (a) *Eickemeyer* (b) *Daguerre* (c) *Edison* (d) *Lumière*

5. *Best critical opinion on the use of the battleship in modern warfare seems to be that:*
   (a) *airplanes have made the battleship obsolete*
   (b) *ten submarines are worth more than five battleships*
   (c) *the battleship remains the heart of the fleet*

6. *Readers who sprout Phi Beta Kappa keys on their chests can tell you very quickly that Mussolini's mouthpiece is a newspaper writer named:*
   (a) *Virginio Gayda* (b) *Pertinax*
   (c) *Felice Guarneri* (d) *Achille Starace*
   (e) *John, of the Delaware, Lackawan'*

7. *Even if you don't read them, can you decide which one of these comic strips has the most million readers?*
   (a) *the Gumps* (b) *Orphan Annie*
   (c) *Moon Mullins* (d) *Buck Rogers*

8. *Most of the shouting for Tunisia being done by Mussolini's stooges can be ascribed to the fact that:*
   (a) *Tunisia has rich oil fields* (b) *Hitler got his*
   (c) *it occupies a strategic position* (d) *it produces tin*

9. *"I'm a Stranger Here Myself" is not only the tag line of many venerable jokes but also:*
   (a) *a song hit by Jack DeWitt*
   (b) *a musical play, with Evelyn Laye*
   (c) *a new book of poetical hash by Ogden Nash*

10. *The Japanese are crying in their sake these days because the United States may make Guam a naval base. The breast beating is all because:*
   (a) *Guam can help defend Manila*
   (b) *it helps defend the Canal*
   (c) *it is just 600 miles from Yokohama*

11. *We don't like it either, but the fact remains that one of these people will sell more tickets at the film box office than any other:*
   (a) *Mickey Rooney* (b) *Bette Davis*
   (c) *Spencer Tracy* (d) *Sonja Henie*
   (e) *Shirley Temple* (f) *Tyrone Power*

12. *You'd never think it, but the beverage drunk by the most people in the world happens to be:*
   (a) *tea* (b) *coffee* (c) *Coca-Cola* (d) *maté* (e) *Scotch*

13. *Perhaps you can supply the last line of this stanza by that eminent mathematician, Lewis Carroll:*

   'Twas brillig and the slithy toves
   Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
   All mimsy were the borogroves,
   .....

   (a) *Icktithy was the squab*
   (b) *And the mome raths outgrabe*
   (c) *All mumsy preen'd the cod*

14. *No, he is not top money man but he does wear the national open golf crown, for the second time, on his big blond head. His name is:*
   (a) *Snead* (b) *Runyan* (c) *Guldahl* (d) *Turnesa*

15. *It's a wonderful way for the novice to commit suicide, but skilled jumpers go farther and farther on their skis. The record now is:*
   (a) *286 feet* (b) *314 feet* (c) *348 feet* (d) *401 feet*

16. *Granted he can jump further on skis, a man still can't travel as fast as a horse, whose running record is:*
   (a) *about twice as fast as a man can run*
   (b) *three times as fast* (c) *about the same*

17. *The man the most people listen to on the radio is:*
   (a) *Jack Benny* (b) *Fred Allen* (c) *Orson Welles*
   (d) *Charlie McCarthy* (e) *Honest Harold Ickes*

18. *You've heard all these remarks, but do you know which one is true?*
   (a) *The winters aren't as cold as they used to be.*
   (b) *Hitler is really dead; a double fills his shoes.*
   (c) *A newborn colt's legs are as long as they ever will be.*
   (d) *Best way to avoid smoking is to take a drink instead.*

19. *If your husband is very bright he'll know that the Chinese have an avenue of supply which the Nipponese can't block:*
   (a) *a road to Mandalay* (b) *a highway into Tibet*
   (c) *submarines coming up the deep Yangtze River*

20. *Seems a little quaint now, but do you remember which industry was going to lead us out of the depression?*
   (a) *screwball* (b) *construction* (c) *air conditioning*
   (d) *cosmetics* (e) *automobile* (f) *alibi*

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21. *Passing over the weightier problems of the day, can you identify the artist who loves to paint American houses of the General Grant Gothic period, in somber hues?*
(a) *Charles Burchfield* (b) *Grant Reynard*
(c) *Thomas W. Nason* (d) *Benton Spruance*

22. *Lots of new words coming into the language these days from theatrical slang. A "cliffhanger," for example, is a:*
(a) *stagehand* (b) *hero* (c) *acrobat* (d) *movie serial*

23. *And the theatrical paper responsible for many of them is:*
(a) *"Billboard"* (b) *"Theatre Arts"*
(c) *"Stage"* (d) *"Variety"*

24. *When your six-year-old son, named Claude, Clarence, or Junior, says, "Papa, who is William Faulkner?" you'd correctly reply:*
(a) *"Well, Claude, he writes novels with peculiar sentences in them about peculiar people doing peculiar things to each other."*
(b) *"Clarence, he writes books with characters in them that will remind you a good deal of Henry Fielding."*
(c) *"Junior, he is an author whose style is a good deal like Dreiser's. Now go upstairs and go to bed."*

25. *Mr. Neville Chamberlain's "appeasement" policy seems to be finding the going rough. One of the reasons is the opposition of a former cabinet member, who stood up for Edward VIII:*
(a) *Lord Halifax* (b) *Lloyd George* (c) *Sir John Simon*
(d) *Anthony Eden* (e) *Winston Churchill*

26. *This one is easy. Just identify the poem after reading the first few lines:*

"Hence, loathed Melancholy,
Of Cerberus, and blackest midnight born,
In Stygyian cave forlorn,
'Mongst horrid shapes, and shrieks and sights unholy!

(a) *"Ode to Melancholy," by Keats*
(b) *"L'Allegro," by Milton*
(c) *"A Dirge," by Shelley*
(d) *"Astraea Redux," by John Dryden*

27. *If you were to make a random selection of a current novel from a bookstore pile, the chances are that it would deal with:*
(a) *the medical profession* (b) *war in China* (c) *Russia*
(d) *a man who inexplicably falls in love with his wife*

28. *No doubt you've often referred to it but are you sure that Yiddish is:*
(a) *a dialect made up of German and Hebrew*
(b) *the only pure Jewish language in use today*
(c) *the language of Jewish scholars, not everyday speech*

29. *The present holder of the men's outdoor mile running record is:*
(a) *Wooderson* (b) *Cunningham*
(c) *San Romani* (d) *Venzske*

30. *Speaking of athletes, you remember no doubt that Achilles' weak spot was his heel but do you also recall the reason why?*
(a) *His ma held him by the heel while dunking him in the River Styx.*
(b) *Greek leg armor protected only the front of the foot.*
(c) *One of the vestal virgins had touched him there.*

31. *Most people know that Major L'Enfant laid out the streets of Paris and Washington like spokes of a wheel, but do you know the reason?*
(a) *to provide monument sites at intersections*
(b) *he anticipated faster vehicles, such as the auto*
(c) *a few troops could command several streets at once*

32. *A dress designer who thinks that fashion is spinach is:*
(a) *Schiaparelli* (b) *Molyneaux*
(c) *Chanel* (d) *Hawes*

33. *Perhaps you can add the last line to that lively American ballad, "The Little Brown Jug":*

Me and my wife live all alone
In a little log hut we call our own;
She loves gin and I love rum,
.....

(a) *This is why we're never glum!*
(b) *Listen to the still, how it does hum!*
(c) *And don't we have a lot of fun!*

34. *Even if you're lucky enough never to have it, you ought to know that arthritis is:*
(a) *an inflammation of the joints* (b) *artery infection*
(c) *muscular inflammation* (d) *disease of the tendons*

35. *The sport of skiing is older than most people think. As a matter of fact, northern Europeans were skiing in:*
(a) *100* A.D. (b) *1600* A.D. (c) *800* A.D.

36. *Which one of these words is spelled incorrectly?*
(a) *Aenied* (b) *Britannia* (c) *elicit* (d) *precedents*

37. *If your eight-year-old daughter, named Blanche, Effie, or Myrtie, should say, "Teddy Roosevelt was shot in the middle of his campaign," she would be guilty of using:*
(a) *a misplaced modifier* (b) *a dangling infinitive*
(c) *a colloquialism*

38. *What most businessmen object to about Harry Hopkins, Secretary of Commerce, is that he:*
(a) *never had big-business experience*
(b) *is believed to have used the WPA politically*
(c) *is fundamentally too conservative*

39. *A new source of considerable income for the government is anticipated in future from:*
(a) *increasing import duties*
(b) *abolishing tax-exempt bonds*
(c) *applying all income taxes to government employees*

40. *And, finally, most serious students of sociology will agree that what this country needs is not a nickel cigar but:*
(a) *a spot remover to remove spots left by spot removers*
(b) *a garment for men that will not bag at the knees*
(c) *a law prohibiting any guest's staying over three days*
(d) *a nonbouncing yet resilient meat ball*

The results of the FORUM Quiz Contest will be announced in the April issue, and the winning entries published. Many fine letters have been submitted, and each is receiving careful consideration.

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Cartoon by Charles Pearson

Higher Taxes, Please!

***by* JOHN FORSYTHE**

I AM A LITTLE CONFUSED by my reading on the subject of taxes.

I have gradually gained the impression that everybody in this country is taxed to death. The writers who have given me this impression quote the most terrifying figures. Billions flow from their pens with awesome ease.

Nor is it that I am unimpressed by their arguments. Rather the contrary, for the squandering of billions in this country is truly a terrifying sight. I am as deficit-conscious as anybody could be and likewise I am convinced that our whole system of taxation is as rotten as it is complicated.

But I do not hold with the arguments of these writers when they endeavor to convince me that I am bearing an intolerable tax load. They tell me that, if I don't pay through the nose in direct taxation, the government sweats income out of my inert and unsuspecting body in the form of indirect taxes. And I am as good as asked to revolt against this.

Last year there appeared in the Sunday supplements of many of our newspapers a syndicated article called "Old Bogey Tax Man Is After You!" and I know it was directed at me and at the rest of us little fellows, because this is the sort of language which we are supposed to understand best. They have to make things simple for us ordinary folk.

The cartoon which accompanied the article showed poor little Johnny Q. Public, the downtrodden hero of the piece, staggering through a wood with a huge bundle, labeled "TAXES," slung over his shoulders, while several brigands, lurking behind the trees, brandished huge clubs, also labeled "taxes" (one was identified as "hidden taxes"), presumably ready to knock our hero out completely.

The author of the article started off by

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estimating the truly appalling total of the taxes which are collected annually in the United States by federal, State, and local governments. He put it at about $12,600,000,000 — apparently on the basis of 1937 collections. And it was pointed out that this boils down to about $100 for every inhabitant, male or female, young or old, in the country. The inference was drawn that, "as minors without any income and other dependent persons, of course, do not pay taxes," the load borne by each Johnny Q. Public is much *more* than $100.

II

WELL, AT THE TIME I read this article I had just finished preparing my own federal income-tax return and had found that, for the privilege of living in this country, under the protection of its army and navy, its courts, and Mr. J. Edgar Hoover and his G men, I was paying precisely nothing. And then I got to thinking about the World War and wondering what was my share of *this* burden — and of the soldiers' bonus which resulted. Again, my tax return showed me that I was paying precisely nothing. And, mind you, I am not such a *very* little fellow. I know a lot of fellows littler.

Accompanying this are the figures from that tax return.

It will be observed that, had I not been able to claim a loss of $387.81 on my pitiful little stock-exchange stupidities of the year, I should, on the face of it, have been subject to a tax of $7.76. However, offsetting this, I should have been able to claim a few deductions which I did not bother to show, in particular a rebate of about $8.00 for a nonresident's tax paid to the Dominion of Canada on income derived from several newspaper articles sold in that country.

These points are trifling. The main facts are that my net income was $3,440.66 and that on this income, being a married man with two children to support, I was not subject to any federal income tax whatever. And so I paid nothing for my share of the debt incurred in the war, for the relief expenditures of the federal government, or for the cost of maintaining that government and the national defense of this country.

And my solemn conviction is that this is all wrong. I believe that our country is no longer in such shape that it can afford to exact nothing from a citizen in receipt of a net income of more than $3,000 a year.

But of course my complete exemption is only against federal direct taxation. I realize that there are such things as State, local, and

Item and Instruction No.				
	INCOME			
1.	Salaries and other compensation for personal services	$3,761	96	
2.	Dividends from domestic and foreign corporations	38	75	
3.	Interest on bank deposits, notes, mortgages, etc.	2	76	
4.	Interest on corporation bonds	25	00	
5.	Taxable interest on Government obligations, etc.	....	..	
6.	Income (or loss) from partnerships, syndicates, pools	....	..	
7.	Income from fiduciaries	....	..	
8.	Rents and Royalties	....	..	
9.	Income (or loss) from business or profession	....	..	
10.	Gain (or loss) from sale or exchange of property	−387	81	
11.	Other income	....	..	
12.	Total income in items 1 to 11			$3,440 66
	DEDUCTIONS			
13.	Contributions paid	....	..	
14.	Interest paid	....	..	
15.	Taxes paid	....	..	
16.	Losses by fire, storm, etc.	....	..	
17.	Bad debts	....	..	
18.	Other deductions authorized by law	....	..	
19.	Total deductions in items 13 to 18			.... ..
	COMPUTATION OF TAX			
20.	Net income (item 12 minus item 19)			$3,440 66
21.	Less: Earned income credit	$ 344	06	
22.	Personal exemption	2,500	00	
23.	Credit for dependents	800	00	3,644 06
24.	Balance of net income taxable (item 20 minus items 21, 22, and 23)			Nil

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indirect taxes and that from these I am not so beautifully free.

The author of the "Bogey Man" article assures me that State-government expenses have risen about 60 per cent and local-government expenses about 21 per cent, since 1933, and infers that I am helping to pay those expenses. And, as regards indirect taxation, he tells me that "everything you wear, from head to foot, has a tax label attached to it."

So I started to figure the effect of all these expenses and tax labels on me personally and again I came up against rather a blank.

Of course, State taxes vary with each State, and it is therefore impossible to generalize on this subject. Some States have their own income taxes. I am fortunate in that I live in a State which has none. Nor has my city any poll tax. So, search as I might, I could discover no direct tax of this sort that I pay to any governmental body except, quaintly enough, to the Dominion of Canada, as mentioned above.

III

AND THEN I STARTED to make a little list of the benefits which I receive from the State and local governments.

First, my two children can enjoy free education, and I understand that the schoolteachers in my city are paid anything from $100 to $300 a month. Which is not bad pay for what most of them are — single women. But who is paying them? Not I.

Then there is the system of law enforcement. Granted that it doesn't function perfectly and that graft is rife among the police, the fact remains that the police are at my beck and call and I'm not paying them anything.

The same situation holds true of the fire department.

I walk the streets at night under brilliant street lights. There are drinking fountains for my use and public comfort stations. There are parks for my pleasure and a public library which is a great joy. I pay nothing for these privileges.

I can visit the zoo, the art museum, and the bathing beaches — protected by life guards — and it costs me nothing.

For fifty cents I can enjoy a game of golf on a public course comparable with the best private courses in the land and for still less — for exactly nothing — I can drag my aging bones around the municipal hard-surfaced tennis courts.

Like most men in receipt of incomes of my size, I drive a car. Formerly I paid a "personal property" tax of about $10 a year on the car, but the machine is no longer very new, and the tax has been dropping sharply. But apparently it wasn't dropping sharply enough, in the eyes of the taxing authorities of my State, and so now this tax — which, for some reason or other, is levied in my State only on cars — has been included with the fee for the license plates. Thus my direct tax for transportation, last January, was only $5.00 (including the plates).

Some of my readers may be thinking by this time that I live in Utopia, but I don't. I live in the State of Washington, and surely the State of Washington is not alone in its kindly treatment of Johnny Q. Public. Otherwise, why is our population not increasing by leaps and bounds, at the expense of other States?

It will be noticed that I make no mention of real-estate taxation. This does not affect me because I live in an apartment and I am not a property owner. I have made my mistakes, but they have not included the purchase of acreage or city lots as an "investment." Real estate, as an investment, is not what it was in the nineteenth century. But there is no law forcing you to own real property. All the average little fellow should own is his own home; and, if that is a modest, sensible establishment, his taxes and other household carrying expenses should not amount to any more than the rent I pay for my apartment.

IV

BUT NOW I MUST COME to this awful nightmare — indirect taxation. I am taxed, they tell me, on everything I buy.

In the State of Washington this is literally true, with a few exceptions, as we have one of those funny mill sales taxes. The citizens of our Far Western commonwealth, where once change was made to the nearest nickel, now go about with pockets full of pennies and a mess of fifth-of-a-cent tax tokens. Everything we buy, except bread, dairy products, vegetables, and fruit, is taxed 2 per cent, from a cup of coffee to a twelve-cylinder automobile. It is rather a nuisance and, of course, it mounts up but it is hardly sufficient to drive us $3,400-a-

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year men to the Bahama Islands, even if we could take the $3,400 with us. If I can afford to buy a $45 suit of clothes I can afford to pay $45.90 for it.

However, our 2-per-cent sales tax is direct, not indirect taxation. The latter is the kind of tax which is hidden in the price of an article; and I suppose the Sunday-supplement author is quite correct when he says that it is present in everything we buy.

But is this fact so important? Is the impact of this indirect taxation so terrific after all?

That writer would have me believe that it is, and he instances the effect of it on a loaf of bread. Now of a surety the loaf of bread is the mother of all living, and if taxation has made it difficult for us to buy loaves of bread then truly we are in a pickle. And that, according to him, is what we are in.

He tells me that a certain magazine which had investigated the matter recently listed fifty-four taxes which it found were included in the price of bread. Six of these were paid by the farmer in the forms of real-estate tax, sales tax on machinery, personal-property tax on machinery and truck, autotruck licenses, and State and federal income taxes. (As I have pointed out, in my State there is no personal-property tax on machinery and no State income tax.) Next, I read, comes the grain elevator, where the farmer sells his grain and which pays six taxes, including real-estate, occupation, capital-stock, State franchise, and State and federal income taxes. Then the railroad which transports the grain to the flour mill pays eleven taxes (the same as above, plus county and school-district and a few more real-estate taxes). Then the flour mills pay six taxes, the flour trucker seven, the wrapper manufacturer seven, and, finally, the bakery eleven.

One would naturally think that by this time the poor little loaf of bread would be as uneatable as the federal deficit itself, but no — we read that the result of all this taxing is *one cent* a loaf added to the price. If all this information is correct, I should still have to pay 8 cents for a pound loaf, instead of the present 9, even if all the fifty-four vertical indirect taxes were removed.

I am not trying to make the point that a cent tax on a loaf of bread, however incurred, is nothing worth talking about. No doubt to the family struggling along on $100 a month or, worse still, on relief, it is a serious and unfair matter, particularly when it is matched by similar indirect taxation on other necessities of life. But I am not arguing that at all.

I am writing the case of the $3,400-a-year family man. And I repeat my conviction that he is able to contribute and should contribute more substantially to his country's central government in these times of dire necessity. I do not believe that we of that class are "doing our bit" merely by absorbing the indirect taxation inherent in present price levels.

V

THE PROOF of the incidence of this form of tax is surely the price of goods. Is that price so terribly high?

Does the average American pay an outrageous price for a pair of shoes, a suit of clothes, a package of cigarettes, a gallon of gasoline (one of the most heavily taxed of our commodities), a pound of coffee, a motorcar — anything? Is he paying much more for these things than he paid before this country discovered that taxation could mean something more than a charge against real estate — before income taxes, sales taxes, and indirect taxes (although the latter were then present in the form of duties) were ever talked about? I submit that he is not.

It is true, of course, that the price level has changed.

I can remember that, thirty-five years ago when I was a small boy, one bought a dozen doughnuts for 10 cents. Now one pays 20 cents.

But in those days a man earning $3,400 a year was doing work he would be paid twice that amount for today. And the doughnut case is not typical. Many products are cheaper today than they were in 1903 — things like house furnishings, glassware, silk stockings, shoes, all the little notions that one buys in the "five and ten." And then there are the things that are accepted as ordinary expenses of the common people today but were luxuries of the rich in 1903 — things like transportation, electric light, refrigeration, and central heating.

In brief, while foodstuffs are higher now than they were a quarter of a century ago, the products of mass manufacture are cheaper. And incomes, provided one has an income, are uniformly higher.

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Where, then, does the awful hardship of indirect taxation hit a man like me?

In any European country, where incomes are much lower, could I buy the amenities of living as cheaply as I can buy them here?

Where can I buy our number-one amenity, the motorcar, and the gasoline with which to run it, as cheaply as in the United States?

In Canada? In Canada one pays $900 for a $700 motorcar, and gas and licenses are much higher. And in Canada the income-tax exemption is below that of this country, while the rate of taxation — on moderate incomes — is higher.

In England, a childless married man in receipt of an income of £1,000 (about $5,000) a year pays about $600 in income taxes; in this country the same man pays $80 — even less than this, if he lives in a State which enjoys "community property" laws.

Indirect taxes are an injustice to the very poor. There can be no question of that. But, before the man whose salary is above $2,000 a year can validly object to them, he must convince himself that he is paying an unfair price for his automobile, his clothes, and his cigarettes. He must convince himself that he is paying more for these and other products than he would pay in other countries where comparable returns for his labor and services would be received. And this he cannot do.

Johnny Q. Public might start his private investigation of indirect taxation and its effects on him personally by studying the tax on gasoline. With 1-cent-a-gallon federal, and anywhere from 3- to 7-cent-a-gallon State taxes, the average motorist probably pays $20 to $35 a year in taxes on the gasoline used for "nonbusiness" driving only. But, before he gets excited about this, let him compare the *total* cost of his gasoline (from 14 to 22 cents a gallon) with what the Italian, the Englishman, or even the Canadian pays. And then let him compare his highways, built largely with the gasoline tax, with the highways in these or any other countries.

VI

I REST MY CASE against myself.

I have found myself chargeable with default in my moral obligation to the country which nourishes me. I have found that I (and millions like me above the lowest income brackets) can and should take a larger share in the cost of the operation and recovery of this country. I believe that my exemption or partial exemption is a holdover from the dear, departed days of this country's ease and affluence. And I am perturbed at the thought that my exemption is owing not so much to the government's extreme consideration for me as to its consideration for my vote. I have a cancerous doubt that, so long as I have the power to help a man to get a $10,000-a-year job every two years, that man is not going to do anything that will lessen my esteem for him. And I realize that he will assume such a loss of my esteem if he votes to raise my taxes.

I am not such an ass as to *want* to pay higher taxes. It is only because of my deep conviction of the country's essential need for a balanced budget, sooner or later (and the sooner the better), that I am willing to raise my ante.

And even this conviction will not readily operate to open my pocketbook *unless other steps are taken.*

I have in mind, first, the social-security act.

When I made the statement that I pay no taxes to the federal government I deliberately ignored the $30 a year which I pay for my very doubtful future security. This is soon to be raised to $45 and ultimately (1949) to $90. Perhaps it would be more accurate to double these figures, as the corporation for which I work has to match my contributions, dollar for dollar.

I ignored these taxes because, theoretically, they are insurance premiums. But I have a complete lack of confidence in the government's pledge that I will receive this money back in the form of a pension, twenty years hence. I do not believe in the theory of a blanket security for all and, while, for the reasons above stated, I am perfectly willing to pay $30 a year as my share of governmental and relief expenses (never expecting to get the money back), I want these payments to be collected also — and in increased amounts proportionate to income — from my doctor and my dentist and the hordes of public servants and other well-paid people who are now exempt. I also want the payments recognized for what they are — contributions to the current expenses of the government.

Then I want the hundreds of thousands of State and other governmental officials and

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employees, including judges and schoolteachers, to join me in paying federal income taxes. What is the social or economic justification for their exemption?

I want a larger share of the total of taxes collected to go to the federal government.

The States are not paying for the war; neither are they paying for the burden of the unemployed. But a large share of the total tax fund goes to them, and much of it is wasted on fancy schools and highways and badly administered social-security schemes. A prime law of taxation is that those who have should pay. A similar prime law should be that those who need should get. And it is the federal government which is in sore need.

Peculiarly enough, while the States, counties, and municipalities corral such a large share of Johnny Q. Public's taxes, Johnny Q.'s indignation is largely directed not at them but at Washington. Much has been said — and perhaps rightly — about the waste at Washington. Little is said about the waste at forty-eight other capitals.

And, last, while I am willing to pay higher taxes in order that the confidence-destroying New Deal taxes against business enterprise (by which I live and the continuance of which is my real hope for social security) — levies such as excessive corporation-income taxes, the surplus-profits and capital-gains taxes — may be removed, I also want removed the immunity of a certain man I know who has $3,000,000 of *inherited* wealth tied up, every snug cent of it, in tax-exempt securities.

I want this immunity revoked. I do not care if it involves breaking a contract. This country broke a contract when it nullified the "gold clause," and that breach of faith was, morally and practically, less justifiable than the revocation of a provision which permits an American to live idly on the fat of the land — on an income of $75,000 a year — without paying a cent in taxes.

How this thing is to be done it is not in my province to say, but merely to close the stable door now is not enough. Thirty billions of dollars' worth of horses have been stolen. (I believe that that is roughly the amount of tax-exempt securities afloat, but possibly it is more.) I am aware of the fact that a total cancellation of the present exemption would probably be impossible. It might involve in ruin many of the corporations, such as insurance companies, which are fiduciaries for me and my fellow citizens generally. Possibly those securities which are now held by people like my $3,000,000 friend could be taxed, while those held by insurance companies and banks continued to be exempt. A precedent for the preferred treatment of fiduciary corporations was established when the surplus-profits tax became law.

Be that as it may, I insist that the playboys, our second- and third-generation plutocrats, living tax-exempt lives on money they never earned, get in the game and play ball with us.

When all these things are done, the government will find this little fellow willing to pay until it hurts. But — I must not be hurt too badly.

It does not matter to the country what happens to me personally. But if a few million men in my approximate class have to give up driving cars, buying little luxuries, playing little games, then the business of this country might suffer irreparable harm.

So it must be the fine task of the government economists to determine the amount that we little fellows can pay without upsetting the economy. Let them take from us our gambling fund but leave us our legitimate spending money. The $387.81 which I lost in the stock market last year would have been better lost in taxes, although it must be remembered, please, that I cannot afford to lose that much *every* year.

We talk much of the rights of the individual, but the necessities of war — conscription, for example — cancel those rights. The government asks us to give our lives, and we give them. Why, as a necessity of economic crisis, should we not give our money?

In an early issue:

"Are Economists Prophets?"

by Walter A. Terpenning

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The WALL STREET Dream Market

by **FRED SCHWED, JR.**

"WALL STREET," reads the sinister old gag, "is a street with a river at one end and a graveyard at the other."

This is pretty neat, but, if only there were a kindergarten located in the middle, it would be even neater.

For over ten years I have been viewing the activities of this street each working day, mostly from the vantage point of a trading desk. We have access, in this business, to every form of communication except the heliograph. What we are constantly exchanging over an incredible network of wires are quotations, orders, bluffs, fibs, lies, and nonsense. The first four are the necessary agenda of doing brokerage in securities. The downright lies are rather exceptional and in the long run prove to be unprofitable business practice. What I am interested in examining here is the nonsense — a commodity which keeps sluicing in through the weeks and years with the irresistible constancy of the waters of the rolling Mississippi.

Over these many wires it is my job to talk constantly with order clerks, traders, partners, and speculators. The first part of their conversation is usually sensible and competent and sometimes verges on the brilliant. This is the part concerned with the quotes and the fibs. Then, however, if the occasion and mood seem to call for it, comes the time when, still under the impression that they are doing an important day's work, they present their Thoughts. These may be on a particular stock, on The Market in general, or on the destiny of the nation.

Let us consider two highly typical Thoughts.

Thought Number One is: "Looks there might be a little rally after lunch." This is proffered by young Mr. Joseph Wisenheimer, who had two years at Central High. At the time of his inspiration he is chewing gum and watching the ticker tape. He accompanies his pronouncement with a look so knowing it scarcely misses being a leer.

Thought Number Two is presented by Mr. S. Hugo Bigshot, and goes out on all wires. Let me skip down to its conclusion:

> It therefore becomes clear that over the period of the next fifteen years the investment demand for sound convertible issues bearing a low coupon but carrying an attractive conversion feature will find such a deserved popularity with the long-sighted investor as to cause the more classic forms of indenture to look to their laurels.

Now the question is: Which of those two statements is the sillier? Either of them, you understand, might be correct. And both of them (or statements much like them) have sold billions of dollars' worth of securities.

Perhaps you veer toward Thought Two, because onomatopoeically it has a sillier sound.

This I hardly think is fair. Young Joe doesn't know so many long words. But he claims that he is saying something that has some meaning and he claims it just as definitely as Mr. Bigshot. The latter, having been to business college and also having taken courses in English literature, can make his statement *sound* sillier. But, since neither of them has any factual or intellectual basis for saying either of these things, I claim the honors are even.

Now it should be said right here that neither of these men is a liar or even a faker.

If you ask Joe why there will be a little rally after lunch, he will tell you in no uncertain terms. He will say that he observes that the volume is decreasing on the down side, that he can see that steels are strongly pegged just above the last previous lows, and that "they" (whoever "they" are) are beginning to ac-

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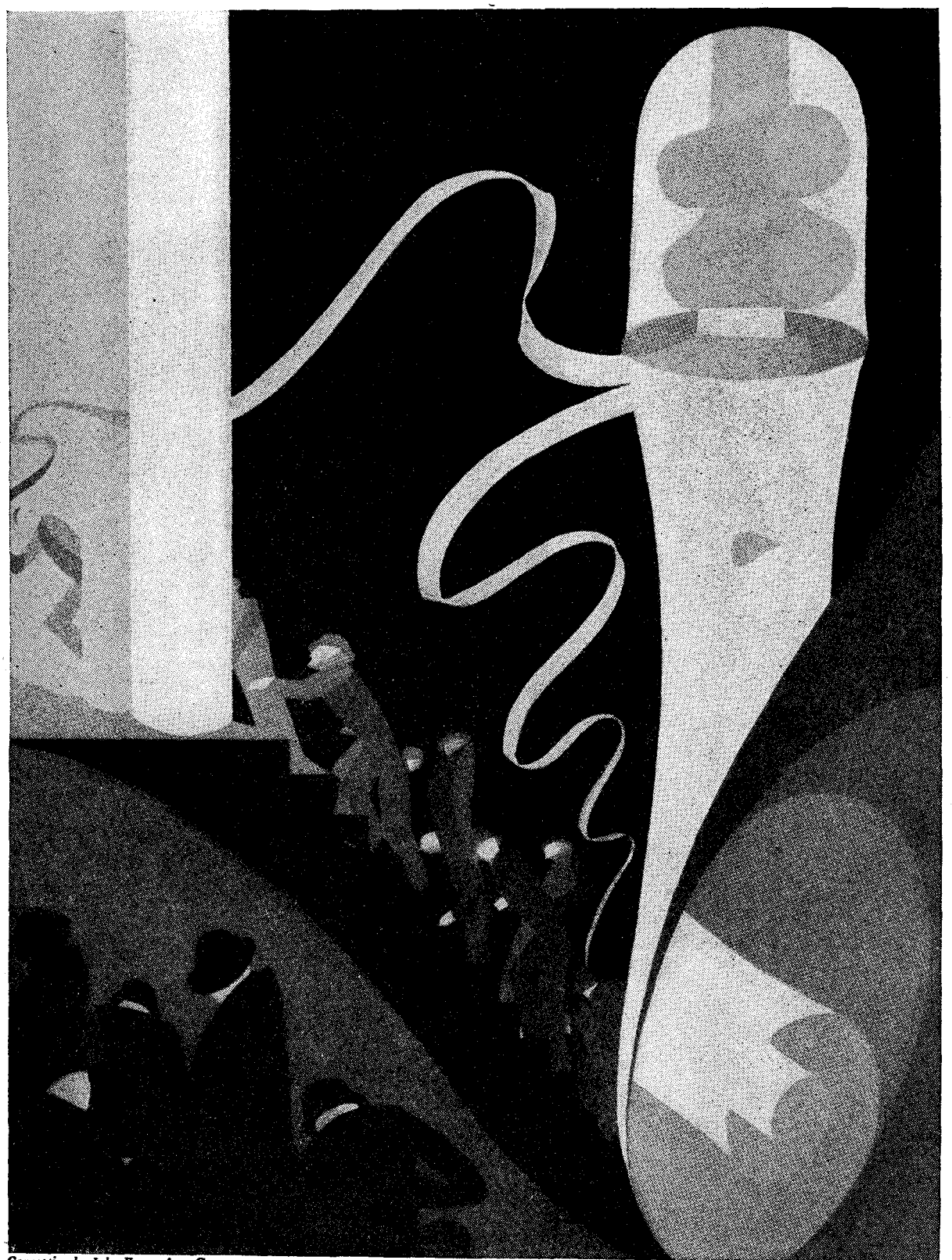

Conception by John Fassos from Contempo

Courtesy E. P. Dutton & Co.

The Market

cumulate the second-grade carriers. "But it won't go very far," he may add (proving that at heart he is no wild-eyed optimist — more the old-line banker type): "they wouldn't want to see this market run away."

It is a marvelous thing, the way this lingo is universally used in board rooms, not just in New York but from coast to coast. It is as though someone had invented an Esperanto for saying absolutely nothing in a variety of ways.

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DREAM STREET

AND, IF YOU ASK the other chap, the educated one, on what he predicates his fifteen-year opinion, he will give you so many reasons that you will wish you had not asked. But he ought to know better. If he should ever lift his nose out of the minutiae of his fascinating business and view it and its history whole, he would be forced to admit the sad truth that pitifully few financial "experts" have ever known for three years (much less fifteen) what was going to happen to any class of securities — and that the majority are usually spectacularly wrong in a much shorter time than that.

Still, he is not a liar; nor is our other friend. They are both subject to the wishful delusions of the child, who cannot bear to believe anything that is too unpleasant. But we expect a child to grow up and learn what is reality, as opposed to what are merely his passionate hopes.

This, however, is asking too much of your romantic Wall Streeter — and they are all romantics or they would never have chosen this business, which is a business of dreams. They continue to dream of conquest, coups, and power, for themselves and for the people they advise.

Some Wall Street men manage to shed these, given sufficient years. But the ultimate dream they almost never shed: that there is a secret, with meaning, in the rise and fall of financial enterprises — that a "close study" of this and that will prove something; that it will tell the initiate when there will be a rally or give the speculator a better than even chance of making a killing or guarantee for an estate a safe 4 per cent for a few generations. All these things are demonstrably unpredictable, but the truth is too bitter to look at with open eyes.

If this business is a meaningless business, what is going to become of these men who are in it?

I am not speaking of just their livelihood, which is probably at its lowest ebb right now. (There *I* go.) For the tongues of neither men nor angels can keep the public out of Wall Street, once prices are up and booming.

The real menace is to their self-respect. If a man cannot be an authority on his own trade, on what *is* he going to be an authority?

The croupier at the roulette table does not claim that he knows something about the order in which the numbers will come up. He just sees to it that the bets are properly paid off and that the house isn't gypped — which is a job requiring competence.

But no Wall Streeter is willing to be just a croupier. He insists that he is also a prophet, a scholar, and a magician with money.

THE BANKERS AND THE THINKERS

LET US START at the top and work down — a not unusual Wall Street method of pursuing a career. Let us consider the cream of the crop — the truly conservative banker.

This man is an impressive specimen, diffusing the healthy glow which comes of moderation in eating, living, and thinking. He sits enthroned behind a mahogany desk and says, with varying inflections and varying contexts, "No." He is at the top or close to the top of one of those financial empires whose destinies have been guided with such prudence, shrewdness, and soundness that today the Great House has darn near as much money as it had in 1900.

At that, I believe this fellow does the best job of the lot. Years have gone by, and he hasn't been indicted — there have not even been any scandals; some of the accounts haven't lost anything, and the rest have at least lost their money gradually and respectably. When the great man is asked for investment advice, he immediately picks out something triple-A which can't possibly make the buyer any money and has only a small chance of losing any. He cannot be stampeded into unwary speculation by the hysteria of a boom. He reminds me of what I once heard one doctor say of another: "He doesn't know enough medicine to do a patient any harm."

He sits tight through '26, '27, and '28. Unfortunately, he begins to come in cautiously in '29. (Watching these young whippersnappers make fortunes for three long years does something to the sturdiest characters.) But he pulls out again, and, while a nice piece of money is lost, no one is ruined. He apologizes to himself for having had a human moment and resumes his thirty-year-old policy of listening attentively and saying no.

Way back, generations ago, when it was smart to be tough, the original hundred millions were gathered together in some more

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realistic business — say, selling firewater to the Indians. And these present grandsons of fortune, sitting up there in a courteous trance, are perhaps not so dumb as they look. I just suspect that they think the buying and selling of securities is a worse occupation than I think it is. But they don't write articles about it; they just avoid it as much as they can without losing the franchise.

We next come to partners, customers' men, heads of trading departments, and statisticians. These gentlemen think steadily and rapidly for five and a half days a week, and when they start losing people's money they really lose it. Their own, too.

Partners as a rule are more impressive than customers' men, because they usually have small private offices, sometimes paneled in oak, in which to have their Thoughts, while the customers' men have to spawn theirs in public out in the board room. The type of customer who habitually sits in a board room is frequently just a gent who loves to chat in masculine company but who doesn't belong to a club. This makes the board room a difficult place for profound thinking.

Nevertheless, the customers' men manage to come to the same tragic conclusions as the partners.

The statisticians are housed way down the hall in scholarly quiet. No noisy tickers or loquacious customers are allowed to intrude, and the Thinkers are surrounded by tomes of reference and the latest news flashes from everywhere. They all carry slide rules, which as everyone knows are more scientific than divining rods. They make exhaustive studies of many a "special situation" and eventually get to know absolutely everything about the affairs of a certain corporation, except perhaps one detail, which is that shortly after the inception of the ensuing fiscal year the corporation is going into 77b.*

Secluded as they are, the statisticians, too, manage to come to the same general conclusions as do the partners and the customers' men. If these conclusions can be generalized, the underlying principle may be loosely stated thus: Buy them when they are up and sell them when the margin clerk insists that you do so.

It is obviously impossible for the thinking Wall Streeter to avoid acting on that principle.

He certainly can't buy them when they are down, because when they are down "conditions" are terrible. You can't ask an experienced Wall Street man to buy stocks when car loadings have just hit a new low and unemployment is at a peak and steel capacity is less than half of normal and a very big man ("of course I can't tell you his name") has just informed him in confidence that one of the big underwriting houses in the Middle West is in really serious trouble.

Unfortunately for everyone concerned, these are the only times when stocks are down.

When "conditions" are good, the forward-looking investor buys. But, when "conditions" are good, stocks are high. Then, by golly, "conditions" get bad, and stocks go down, and the margin clerk sends him a telegram containing the only piece of financial advice he will ever get from Wall Street which has no *ifs* or *buts* in it.

Occult Science

I know of no more interesting people down below Chambers Street than the Chart Readers, a small but passionate sect.

Your properly consecrated chart reader pays no attention to "conditions" at all — neither flood, famine, pestilence nor war. He arms himself with a chart (the simplest sort of graph) which depicts the ups and downs in price of the market as a whole or of a certain class of stocks or of a commodity. This he studies, well away from the news ticker. It is his claim that he can discern in this jagged line a pattern of behavior which reproduces itself and that certain of the wobbles tell him when it is about to do it again. His technical jargon contains such phrases as "head-and-shoulders formation," "double tops," "double bottoms," and "breakaway gaps."

There has always been a considerable number of pathetic dopes who busy themselves examining the last thousand numbers which have appeared on a roulette wheel, in search of such a repeating pattern. Sadly enough, they have usually found it.

I am not the man to explain to you the secrets of the charts, although I have had the

*Editor's Note: — *Mr. Schwed submitted his ms. to* The Forum *before the McKesson & Robbins debacle had illuminated this point with an aptness more spectacular than any statistician's nightmare.*

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subject explained to me a number of times. Perhaps I do not understand their true inwardness. As a science, I should say that chart reading shares a pedestal with astrology; but most chart readers have far too much education and mental discipline to consider astrology seriously.

I once suggested to one of the disciples of the Chart that I wasn't a customer and that he should slip me the wink on this tripe. He was as much offended as if I had said something gross about his religious faith.

All I was ever able to conclude from my studies was that chart reading is a complex way of arriving at a simple theorem, to wit: When they have gone up for a considerable time, they will continue to go up for a considerable time; and the same holds true for going down.

This is simple, but it does not happen to be so. The briefest glance at any chart will show you that it is not.

It is the popular feeling in Wall Street that chart readers are pretty occult professors but that most of them are broke. A busted chart reader, however, is never apologetic about his method — he is, if anything, more enthusiastic than the solvent devotee you may occasionally run across. If you have the bad taste to ask him how it happens that he is broke, he tells you quite ingenuously that he made the all too human error of not believing his own charts.

Investment Trusts

This explanation, magnificent in its simplicity, must be the envy of investment-trust presidents. Once each year, except in boom years, these poor fellows have to explain in dignified prose How It All Happened. They have about as much chance of producing an effective apology as a firebug.

The financial statement of an investment trust is so naked! Not only widows but also orphans can understand it. The trust bought them for so much, and now (after deducting expenses) they are worth only *so* much. Even as you and I.

The president of any other sort of corporation has a comparatively easy time. Not only is his balance sheet Greek to most of his stockholders, but he easily explains his losses as due to the Administration, the drought, the war scare, the Administration, prohibitive costs, and the Administration. But this does not come well from the officers of an investment trust, because they were placed in their high offices on account of their ability to foresee the effects of the Administration, prohibitive costs, the Administration, etc., etc.

The principle of "managed" investment trusts is absolutely sound, granted only one premise. (I am not taking up the subject of "fixed" trusts, because I always wind up losing my temper over them.) The premise is that there are somewhere people of such experience and insight that they can predict with some sort of accuracy the future behavior of securities.

So a lot of us who clearly are not magicians pool our money together and hire a set of men to do the guessing. They may not be quite magicians but they have everything that should be necessary — experience, reputation, trained staffs, inside information, and limitless resources for research. Since the amount we pool together is in the neighborhood of a hundred million dollars, we can afford to pay them fortunes for their ability. Paying them fortunes will be a bargain for us, provided only that they come across with the ability.

It is as simple as this: If you wanted to win the class-B golf championship at your country club and the rules permitted you to hire Gene Sarazen, at a reasonable fee, to make your shots for you, what an egotistical fool you would be to play the shots yourself! Well, your money is, no doubt, more important to you than your golf score — but you follow the thought.

The catch is, I am afraid, that there is demonstrable skill involved in playing golf but little evidence that there is any in managing portfolios.

In the terrible fall of 1929 there was an emergency meeting of the board of a certain investment trust. White-faced and irresolute, these men faced each other around the huge mahogany table and tried to avoid each other's eyes. All their convictions were being shattered.

Suddenly one of them spoke, quietly and firmly. "There is no telling how far this thing is going to go," he said. "Such and Such [naming one of the great blue-chip stocks of the day] is down close to two hundred from three hundred and fifty, where it was selling only two months ago. It may sound fantastic, but I believe there is a chance it may yet touch a hundred and

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fifty. If we could buy ten thousand shares at a hundred and fifty, don't you all think that it would be the sort of bargain which may never be seen again? It probably will never happen, but shouldn't we be prepared, if the opportunity comes?"

At this forceful suggestion, courage ran about the room like a licking flame. Vigorous assents were given, and color came into wan cheeks.

"Put that down," said someone to the young order clerk who was present. "Buy ten thousand Such and Such at a hundred and fifty, open order."

The kid who was addressed obediently leaned forward to write, but as he did so he puckered his lips a little. Very low — but audibly — he gave that distinctive, rubbery sound of contempt which is vulgarly known as "the bird."

Immediately everyone felt less confident. Somehow or other the discussion was reopened, and after a time the suggestion was abandoned.

My informant on this matter has estimated that that little noise saved the trust a matter of three quarters of a million dollars. But no one ever thanked the boy, because no one ever dared admit that he had had anything to do with the decision to cancel that ruinous order.

Once upon a time there was an investment trust of the stuff dreams are made on. It was everything that other trusts are not. Its guiding genius was a young fellow who was everything I have said a Wall Street man could not be. Its stated principle (I quote from memory) was something to this effect:

It is the belief of the management of this corporation that a well-diversified list of carefully selected securities, held over a period of time, will *not* increase in value.

The young man's performance was even more startling than his principles. At his untimely death in 1931 his investment trust had a large position in only one stock — a "blue chip." And that was on the short side!*

When he died, it was wisely decided to wind up the affairs of the corporation. But the surviving officers could not wind it up quickly enough to avoid making an additional fortune with each week's delay.

* *Nearly all investment trusts forbid themselves ever to take a short position, but this was a brilliant exception. It had a comparatively small number of stockholders.*

It Wasn't Stolen — You Lost It!

I AM AWARE that for the last quarter-hour someone in the gallery has been — well, let us say verging on rudeness. You, sir — yes you, the gentleman who has been flourishing the umbrella — will you take the floor and tell us your objections so that we all can hear? . . .

Er, well, ah, hrmph. Yes, I should have taken up that subject earlier. Your point, which is expressed so vigorously, is that Wall Street men are not such dunces at all; that they are crooks and thieves and very clever ones to boot; that they sell for millions what they know is worthless; that, in short, they are villains, not children.

That is certainly a widespread point of view. People would rather believe that they have been robbed than that they have been fools on the advice of fools.

I am even tempted to think that Wall Street men themselves encourage this idea. Faced with explaining the huge losses "investors" have suffered, they subconsciously feel that it is better to be regarded as a Machiavelli than as one who has spent his adult life engaged in mumbo-jumbo.

I defer to no man on a knowledge of how money is stolen in Wall Street. If the popular demand is sufficient, I shall explain in my next lecture how to steal an eighth ($12.50) and also a million dollars (two points on the underwriting of fifty million dollars' worth of bonds that never should have been underwritten); but this sort of thing, no more prevalent in Wall Street than in any other highly competitive business, is not what has caused you to lose your money. A little of it perhaps — but not your whole patrimony. (I can tell that is what you have blown by the sincerity of your indignation.)

If this seems an extreme statement, consider the history of the last two years or so, when the Securities and Exchange Commission has been functioning like a swarm of watchdogs.

Don't think that the SEC has not been tremendously effective. While its representatives cannot be everywhere, the fear of them literally is everywhere, and it has been a long time since I have seen an honest broker steal his customary eighth.

But a great many new securities were launched in '36 and '37. Before they were

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issued, they were scrutinized by the SEC (and everyone else in an official capacity except Sistie and Buzzie Dall). It all worked splendidly for a year, because there was a boom on. During a boom, securities issued by villains go very satisfactorily, exactly, in fact, as satisfactorily as all other securities. But, as soon as the recession started, down they went, just as though they had never been sprinkled with holy water. Toward the end of the bull market, some of the approved new securities set modest records for the amount of money an investor can lose within three weeks after his securities have been issued.

Wall Street needed the SEC just as baseball after 1919 needed Commissioner Landis. But people who are interested in baseball are more realistic than people interested in Wall Street. No fan expected that Judge Landis would do more for the game than keep it reasonably honest. They did not expect him to improve the quality of the fielding and hitting. Nevertheless, a considerable part of the public seems to be hoping that the SEC will make speculation safer.

These credulous individuals are reminiscent of the timid soul who said at the beginning of the poker game, "Now boys, if we all play carefully we can all win a little."

What to Do with Money

. . . Someone has just had the effrontery to ask me what an investor should do with his excess money.

Obviously I haven't the dizziest idea. But I once had such a plan outlined to me and I never forgot it, because it had a certain originality.

I was discussing the broad history of bonds (a depressing subject) with a man I considered a sensible fellow. He had spent the last twenty-five years trading bonds with other people's money. His own money he had always carefully spent.

I finally said: "What a hopeless game! Tell me, Mac, what would you do if you had, today, two hundred and fifty thousand dollars of your own?"

He answered with such promptness that I could see he had given a good deal of thought to this improbability.

"I would put it into twenty-five envelopes, in cash, of ten thousand dollars each. At the beginning of each year I would take out an envelope and I would risk not living more than twenty-five years longer. That would give me two hundred dollars a week. But, since a man has got to be doing something and I like gambling, I would live on a hundred a week and with the other hundred I would play the horse races. That would give me a real interest in life. Most weeks I'd live at the rate of a hundred — but occasionally at the rate of a thousand."

"But the percentage against you on the horses is certainly as bad as in the market," I reminded him.

"Worse," he said cheerfully, "but playing the horses is at least fun."

Perhaps we have time for one more question before Professor Jones takes over this room for his discussion of "Rationalistic Fallacies of Primitive Peoples.". . .

Yes, I'm glad you brought that up. You want to know, if Wall Street is the sort of hit-or-miss place I have described, why it shouldn't be legislated out of existence.

Well, it shouldn't, and I am not being sarcastic. Why not? Well, tell me, what is your business? . . .

You are a plumber? Well then, for your sake — as well as for the sake of countless other persons.

I can name you offhand, sir, a dozen corporations whose products you use in your business, and all those corporations need at least a few million dollars apiece for the kind of plants they run. None of their stuff can be produced by some fellow and his uncle in the back of a garage. Now it may be just unfortunate, but the only successful way so far devised for getting such sums out of the public, for enterprises good or bad, is a system similar to the devious mechanisms of Wall Street. And the system has always included all of the nonsense. (Money has occasionally been raised from the public by smacking the citizens with the broad side of a saber, but the results of this were always less than satisfactory.)

In conclusion, I must remind you that I work in Wall Street and assure you that my organization is quite different from anything I have described here. If you have any knotty investment problems, just stop in at my office and let us recommend a program. I will see to it personally that your inquiries are referred to the head of our crystal-gazing department.

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'This Is Knudsen'

by **CHRISTY BORTH**

WILLIAM S. KNUDSEN is a colorful contradiction of that fantastic fiction, fairly common outside Detroit, that the automobile industry's top-flight men are either uncultured, loud-shouting ex-mechanics or fast-talking, uncultured supersalesmen.

That General Motors' President is an ex-mechanic is no secret. His origins are apparent to anyone who has observed him at work between the roll-top and flat-top desks in his unadorned office. Black-ribbon-anchored eyeglasses, slightly askew, wobble precariously just above his close-clipped, steel-gray mustache. At his desk, he wears a hat. "I think better under a hat," he explains, rationalizing a factory habit.

But the voice that explains is not the voice you expect from a man famed for perfecting mass-production technics with and for Henry Ford. It's a pleasantly soft voice, resembling the liquid and faintly accented speech of Knudsen's friend and fellow countryman, Jean Hersholt.

You don't have to listen long to realize that the tools of that voice are the simplest of words and that they're being handled with an effectiveness which, if you're a writer, engenders envy. Here, you decide, is exceptional intelligence; and your decision is clinched when, with the ease of profanity, he illustrates a conversational point with a Chestertonian paradox or an Emersonian epigram. And, later, you're no longer astonished when you learn from a Knudsen associate that the well-stocked and thoroughly read Knudsen library contains one of the finest collections of Spinoza editions extant.

The man between the desks is big — big against any yardstick you bring to the measurement. His six feet and three inches, neatly garbed in rough-textured, tweedy comfort, are on a boxer's slope-shouldered frame. After appraising it, you're not astonished to learn that he is a capable boxer and that he used his fists on occasion in his early days as a foreman. But you may be astonished when you see that same big frame at elegant ease in white tie and tails, at a party or concert.

Knudsen's hands are big. In repose, their half-curled stiffness testifies eloquently to a past of manual labor. They seem to demand a spanner or marline spike. That they are familiar with wrenches you know when you know his history. That they would grasp a marline spike comfortably you know when you learn that the sea sang in his frustrated boyhood dreams, that his home is adorned with marine paintings, and that he warms inly when anything nautical is mirrored in his sea-blue eyes — eyes that have the lurking twinkle and the wrinkle-traced framework of a Scandinavian skipper's. But you may be astonished to learn that those workman's hands are nimble performers on the piano, the accordion, and the xylophone.

A good place to see them in action is at a party in the Knudsen home. He loves to stage parties, send the hired musicians to the pantry for rest and refreshments, and, abetted by his more talented guests, put on a "jam session."

The liveliest Knudsen parties are those to which invitations go to young people, the friends of his daughters, Elna, Clara, and Martha, and his son, Semon. Though his children are grown up and starting their own careers, he still refers to them as "my kits."

Youngsters warm instantly to this friendly fellow, who has been described as resembling a "well-dressed and highly intelligent polar bear" but who more closely resembles the formidable-looking great Dane, Bismarck, who, supposed to guard the home of Knudsen's good friend Eddie Guest, is notorious for harboring the notion that the Guest hospitality should be extended to everybody. At Fisher Body Craftsman's Guild conventions it's not uncommon to find Knudsen knee-deep in "kits," chatting easily with them in their own language.

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You discover that his simple and direct speech is children's language. Query him about it, and you'll be told that, though he could read English, German, and French when he came to the United States, his literary English was no good in the New York shipyard where he went to work. "So," he says, "I learned American in the evenings after work from the kits playing around the boarding-house steps in Eighth Avenue. See?"

Until five years ago, consciousness of his speech mannerisms made him shy about public appearances and press interviews. Today he is in demand as a speaker, and his brief and forceful talks are notably pleasant experiences.

The Boss

OBSERVE HIM among young people, his good nature bubbling up in that deep-throated chuckle of his, and you don't have to be told why he took the General Motors Chorus under his wing when he learned that "the G. M. kits" were organizing it. Nor do you have to be told why G. M. employees call him "Mister" Knudsen, with no attempt to disguise their reverence.

Ask any one of them to explain that reverence and you're likely to hear the anecdote about the Christmas gift the chorus decided to give him in 1936. The choristers, after a complicated investigation, learned that he wanted a particular set of books. But there were so many eager donors that, although the most expensive binding possible was finally selected, the individual donations had to be cut to a nickel each.

Accompany him and his associate executives on a shop tour and you discover that he is loved by workmen who are suspicious of snooping big shots. On such a tour, the official party is always waiting for Knudsen, who has invariably disappeared among the roaring machines for a mouth-to-ear gab fest with some grinning workman. "He belongs," you'll be told by the laborers; and, if you question them cautiously, you'll be informed that, if he'd been Big Boss, with the last word, the front office wouldn't've handed a million bucks to the Pinkertons who started the labor trouble for their own good reasons.

For that story there may be no foundation in fact. But the belief is there, solidly planted on knowledge of Knudsen's attitude toward *all* attempts to encroach on the sanctity of the individual.

His enthusiasm for the NRA labor boards was well known. At the time of their introduction, I heard him tell a group of foremen this:

> The desire behind all this is sincere. The man at the head in Washington is fair and wise, but, as every manager knows, when an order gets to the bottom it's often pretty hard to recognize it as the same order that started at the top. We need these board discussions of grievances. In the thirty-five years that I've traveled the route from the bench to a position where it's hard to explain to my kids how great a man their father really is, I've seen a revolution in the shop. A foreman used to know his men, their hopes, their failings, their grievances. But, in perfecting production methods, we widened the gulf between men and management, and we'll have to narrow it or bump into trouble.

He has often been charged with having fathered that bête noire, the speed-up. He dismisses it by saying: "Speed, as such, is worthless. The only thing that produces good work is accuracy."

To that same group of foremen he said:

> The temper of American workmen is such that they will establish their own best maximum speed if working conditions are right. After Henry Ford raised the minimum wage to five dollars, we had one workman whose increased output was a great mystery to the time-study men. I watched this man, a Hungarian, for several days. He wasn't hurrying. Just going along at a steady pace, wasting no motions, and turning out twice his quota. Finally I asked him how he did it. All he said was, "Mister Ford give me two and a half, I make five hundred axle shaft; Mister Ford give me double, I give him double." The average workman is decent and honorable.

He objected to C.I.O. organization, for he believes that, as new industries turn into old industries, the craft form of unionization must develop, because men are individuals and tend to express their individuality through pride in their craftsmanship. He opposed the C.I.O. until the settlement was made. Then he delivered that excellent epitaph on the strike: "Let us have peace and make automobiles."

A Success Story

LIKE THE DODGE BROTHERS, Knudsen bicycled into the auto industry. His first work was assembling cycles in Copenhagen, where he was born at Voldmestergade No. 26, on March 25, 1879. He was the tenth child of Danish Customs Inspector Knud Peter Knudsen. (In that name, the *k* is silent and the *u* is long; as he once reminded a lady, "Madam, you wouldn't

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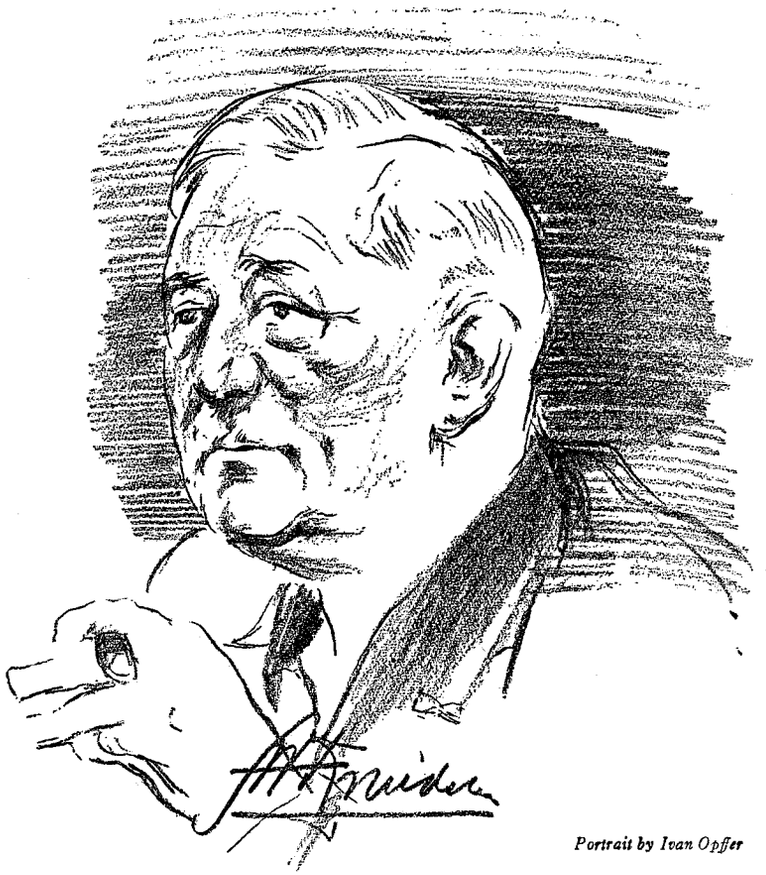

Portrait by Ivan Opffer

William S. Knudsen

pronounce it kuh-nee action, would you?") Christened Signius Wilhelm Poul, he became plain Bill because a Buffalo timekeeper had trouble with the full name.

As a boy, he wanted to go to sea, but Knud Peter, with two sons already sailors, sent him to the government technical school and apprenticed him to a bicycle maker when he graduated. Called up for army service, he was rejected as underweight. Having saved some money, he got parental permission for a two-year visit in the United States and came over with the intention of fitting himself for enlistment in the U. S. navy.

At Morris Heights, New York, he reamed holes in boiler plate for $1.75 a day. Later he pounded rivets in the shipyard and had his ears pounded in a fight. So he took boxing lessons.

When the shipyard closed for the winter, he got a job in the Erie shops in Salamanca, New York, where he was saved from the pain of homesickness on his first Christmas away from home by a Danish cigar maker who invited him to his house for a session of carol singing. (Now, at Christmas, he and Mrs. Knudsen are Santa Claus's helpers in the little Lutheran church that is their pet beneficiary. At these church parties he sings "Stille Nacht, Heilige Nacht" with all the feeling of an earlier Christmas.)

When the end of the two-year visit approached, he obtained a thirty-day leave to ask his mother for an extension. She granted it, and he was back at work on the thirtieth day.

His roundhouse job paid $100 a month. He thought it was a good wage until he learned that the man next to him was getting the same wage after thirty-five years. So he quit when his brother, the manager of a Copenhagen bicycle shop, came overseas to transact business with Buffalo's bicycle-making John R. Keim Mills and took him along as interpreter.

He was hired as a bench hand in the Buffalo shop.

Promoted rapidly, he saved money and presently announced he would quit to take an engineering course at Cornell. The boss reminded him he was getting $1,800 a year. But Cornell still tempted him. Three years in college are three years wasted, the boss told him, without effect. But when his salary was raised to $2,400, Cornell lost an engineering student, and Clara Elizabeth Euler, of Buffalo, got a husband.

Not long afterward, Henry Ford, who had learned of Knudsen's production genius in the factory that supplied Ford axles, bought the factory and got Knudsen with it.

After two years as construction and production manager of twenty-seven Ford assembly plants, Knudsen was in charge of all Ford production. Those were the years of the great Ford expansion — years when the original stockholders, unable to understand the wisdom of the Ford doctrines of high wages and low prices, were disputing the Ford policy of plowing back the profits. Knudsen soaked up these doctrines, participated in their execution.

This country's entry into the World War brought a feverish activity that taught him all he needs to know about the speed-up. When the government ordered eagle boats, he was

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sent to the swamp bordering the Rouge River to convert the waterway into an assembly line for ships. The job became a nightmare when the flu bowled his workers over in windrows. He pounded rivets with them day and night, nursed them, between times, in the barracks at the swamp's edge, and was thankful for the shipyard training that had made him improve his physique.

After the war, he was Ford's right-hand man, earning $50,000 a year, reputed to be "tough, a driver, but fair." But when postwar retrenchment called for mass firing, the men he had to discharge saw that he was mellowing — saw it in his hurt eyes as he regretfully gave them the bad news.

In March, 1921, he left Ford. Why? There are two versions. One is that he couldn't recover from that blow. The other is that Ford "had to let him go" because he (Ford) found it increasingly difficult to formulate his own ideas with the great Dane sparking them faster than his employer could consider them. The latter version is probably nearer the truth. Ford and Knudsen are still good friends, however, and Ford has called him a "production genius."

In 1922 the Du Ponts, having acquired the corporate fleet of companies that daring William Crapo Durant had piloted into the stormy seas of a postwar depression with all sails dangerously set, needed a master mariner. They got Knudsen, put him in charge of Chevrolet production. He boosted it from 68,000 to 1,200,000 cars in six years. Chevrolet carried General Motors through the storm; and Knudsen, at the Chevrolet helm, became such a serious competitor of Henry Ford that his former boss finally abandoned the famous old Model T.

General Motors Gets a Soul

Knudsen's rise has been rapid in recent years; made Executive Vice President of G. M. in 1933, he became President in 1937.

One reason therefor is plain: He is a manager of men.

But there is another reason. In the public mind, motordom's gods are a trinity. For years, plain people, thinking of Ford, thought of a man, the fatherly first person of the trinity. Thinking of Chrysler, they thought of another ex-machinist who had kicked the door open and planted himself on the throne. Thinking of G. M. was thinking about an abstraction — a corporation — and when plain people try to think about corporations they tend to think of coldly inanimate things. To that kind of mental poison, the warmly human Knudsen was an antidote.

There is a well-substantiated report that the high command didn't think of that angle until a newspaper editor, irritated by a G. M. complaint of allegedly poor publicity accorded the corporation during the banking holiday, angrily retorted with his profane opinion about the stupidity of keeping this man Knudsen under cover.

Whether that is true or not, he's now rapidly becoming G. M.'s most valuable spokesman. Probably because he is where he is, the public, according to a recent measurement of its opinion, likes the automobile industry best of all big businesses.

Knudsen has climbed from the bottom to the top without losing sight of the ground and without losing his fine sense of humor. He has been knighted by Denmark's King Christian, but he still writes his letters in longhand and, after they're typed, signs them simply "Knudsen" or, more simply, with a "K" in a circle. He still scorns the ritual with which the average business sanctum is insulated.

His secretary is a man. "Women," he says, "are fine — in their place, but their place is not in my office," and he hastens to explain that he reached that decision after he was flustered by the tears of a young woman who had been shocked by the hot language which came cascading out of his office during a conference of foremen.

He's old-fashioned, he says, old-fashioned enough to like best of all the quiet evenings in his home with his family, his friends, his music, and his books. But, in his case, "old-fashioned" is no synonym for "stuffy." He's a good conversationalist over champagne or beer at the Detroit Athletic Club (where on one occasion he bested that high-domed pundit, the late Arthur Brisbane, in a discussion that hinged on the correct quotation of an Oriental philosopher).

He is that wondrous rarity — the executive who answers his own telephone. He answers it not with a frigid, "Hello," but with, "This is Knudsen."

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German Justice

by **MADELEINE KENT**

"IT IS MY DUTY to warn you that from the moment you sign the marriage register you cease to be a British subject. Have you fully realized this?"

"Oh, yes. But I automatically become a German subject, don't I?"

"Whether you do or not, madam, is not our affair. The point for you to grasp clearly is that you cease to be British and that, whatever difficulties you may encounter in the future, this country is not responsible for you."

"But at least you can tell me, I suppose, whether the marriage is valid in Germany or whether I must go through another ceremony."

"No; we have no information on that point. It is not our concern. In your own interest, I would advise you to make all necessary inquiries *before* you sign away your nationality. Afterwards we can do nothing for you — nothing whatever."

[This cheerless colloquy marks the beginning of Miss Kent's story of her marriage, in 1931, to a young German Social Democratic schoolteacher, and of her subsequent five-year residence in Germany.*

Although she and Hans, her husband, were passionately anti-Nazi, they took no part in antigovernment activity after Hitler's rise to power. Nevertheless, because of his former socialism and her English birth, they were frequently under the surveillance of the secret police, and late in 1933 Hans lost his teaching job. Forced to economize drastically, they moved to a remodeled stable on the farm of Emil Huth, twelve miles from Dresden. In January, 1935, Huth became incensed at them because the political police had twice come to his farm to question them.]

Never in my bitterest moments have I regarded Emil Huth as a typical German. He belonged to a species fortunately rare but existent all over the world.

He was a misanthrope and a miser. He was, in addition, a neurotic, restless and excitable. His shrill voice rose to a scream when anyone attempted to argue with him, and his wasted frame bore evidence to the spite that was consuming him. His feet and hands were almost as fleshless as those of a skeleton, despite the fact that he was barely fifty, and the day I first saw him thrusting his bare feet into clogs I shuddered at ankle bones that seemed about to pierce the skin.

A townsman and a carpenter by trade, he had married a butcher's widow twenty years older than himself and, with the butcher's savings, had bought a small fruit and poultry farm and built a house. He was always working on his land and once said to me that he understood plants better than people. But he had to abandon one new enterprise after another when what he characterized as the "fight with nature" went against him.

"He has tried tomatoes, pigeons, turkeys, dog breeding, and carp in the pond," said the neighboring farmer, with the true countryman's scorn of experiment. "None of them lasted more than a season. Now he tries tenants. None of us think you will last even as long."

We did last longer than that, but it was an uneven fight from the first because it became so much to Huth's advantage to get rid of us.

When the government grant to assist house-owners in improving their property had proved insufficient to turn his former stable into a habitable dwelling, we had supplemented it with the whole sum formerly invested in the settlement. Without this contribution there would have been no light, heating, or bath, and the rent we paid was therefore proportionately low. To a man like Huth, the fact that our dwelling possessed several little comforts his lacked was infuriating and, when he was not dreaming of getting a higher rent from another tenant, he was dreaming of inhabiting it himself.

* EDITOR'S NOTE: — *In a foreword to her book* (I Married a German, *published in England and shortly to be issued here by Harper & Bros.*), *Miss Kent states: "None of the characters in this book is imaginary. All the events and conversations recorded actually occurred. Most of the names have been changed for the sake of those still in Germany."*

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Only a properly drawn-up lease, giving us the right either to remove the installations or to sell them to Huth, could have saved us. But that wily individual had indignantly refused to have anything to do with lawyers, and Hans had failed to press the point. He merely got Huth to sign a loose statement penciled on a "scrap of paper," over which both the old judge, to whom my friend Frau Förster sent me, and a Jewish lawyer, to whom I later appealed for advice, shook their heads hopelessly.

I took no part in the ensuing wrangles between Hans and Herr Huth. More pessimistic than Hans, I foresaw that we should eventually lose everything we had put into the house. All I could do was to stave off that day as long as possible by gaining the good will of Herr Huth. With any ordinary Saxon, however avaricious, I might have succeeded, but Huth was so far from normal that intervals of friendliness were always followed by fresh paroxysms of venom, during which he tried to make our lives so unbearable that we should move of our own accord.

He showed a diabolical ingenuity in devising petty tortures for us. Poor Hans got small pleasure out of our little pond, for, as soon as he began to take morning swims in it, Huth drew the water off. Huth would spend hours hammering in the loft above our rooms and used regularly to drive his geese under our bedroom window at five o'clock in the morning and leave them to quack there until we got up in desperation. When he went so far as to put a chain on the gate that gave access to our house and to refuse admission to people inquiring for us at the front gate, we had to go to court.

We won the case, but, when the question of costs was broached, Herr Huth fell down in a well-timed fit, and the magistrate told Hans pointedly that it would be against the spirit of the new Germany to be too hard on an old soldier, who was evidently still suffering from the effects of the war.

II

A FEW DAYS after the second visit of the police, Hans and the Huths had a terrific altercation in the courtyard.

Screaming at the top of his voice and shaking his fists, Huth declared that we were a menace to his safety and had deceived him shamefully by palming ourselves off as respectable citizens. Now he knew we were suspects, he would stop at nothing to get rid of us. "Clear out of here! Take yourselves off!" he yelled. "If you do not, I will shoot your cat."

"You savage!" said I, opening the door.

It was partly because Hans had often complained that my attempts at friendliness left him singlehanded in his battles with the pair that, instead of curbing my indignation at Huth's threat, I had seized on it as an opportunity for intervening. Without reflecting, I had used the first word that came into my head and did not realize its implications until Frau Huth retorted:

"He is better than you, anyhow. He is German!"

At that I withdrew immediately, conscious of the danger of answering her provocative statement.

"It was a pity you called him a savage," said Hans uneasily, following me indoors. "Pig-dog, sheep head, even lump of dung, he would hardly have noticed. He uses such words himself every day."

"But I don't," said I. "And personally I think they are far worse."

"But they have no national implications."

"But I didn't call him a savage because he is German but because he is so cruel. I wasn't thinking of his race at all at that moment. And doesn't everyone round here regard him as a monster? No one would call him an ornament to Germany."

Hans agreed, and we dropped the subject, for I was far more perturbed over the danger to

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my pet than the possible consequences of my rash epithet. And the following day our little cat *did* disappear.

Thus I received with complete indifference the subordinate officer from the *Polizeipräsidium* who called one morning while Hans was out and, in very guttural and indistinct Saxon, gabbled over the complaint which he said the Huths had laid against me. He inquired curiously whether I admitted its truth and looked extremely surprised when I unhesitatingly did so; but all he said was that my husband and I were to report ourselves the following morning at the *Polizeipräsidium* to have our statements taken down.

It took hours to get on paper the elaborate statement I was required to make.

Beginning with my father's name, place of birth, religion, political party, and profession and my mother's maiden name, place of birth, and religion, we proceeded from the salient facts of my past life to a detailed account of my indiscretion.

"That is not true," interrupted the officer at the critical point. "You did not say, 'You savage,' but, 'You savages.'"

Hans, more alive than I was to the wider implications of the plural, immediately denied that I had used it.

"But your wife admitted it yesterday when the officer questioned her."

"No!" I exclaimed. "I simply said, 'Yes,' to the whole statement. If he used the plural, I never noticed it. In fact, I found it very difficult to follow more than the drift of what he was saying."

"Contradictory statements will make a very bad impression," said the officer sternly. "I give you the advice to stick to your first confession."

Foolishly enough, I let it go at that, forgetting that there was no written evidence of the blunder I had committed in answering a question I had barely understood. But when, the next moment, I was asked to admit that I had spat at the Huths, I recoiled in horrified amazement.

"But they both say you did," objected the officer.

"I can't help what they say. It is utterly false. I have never in my life even dreamed of spitting at anyone. Please write down that I deny it absolutely."

After Hans had made a corroborative statement, which we were nevertheless told could not be admitted as sworn evidence because of our relationship, we were at last free to go home. The officer could not tell us whether any further action would be taken, but we thought he seemed somewhat mollified by our version of the story.

III

I HAD ALMOST DISMISSED the matter from my mind when, a week later, Hans burst into the kitchen, crying: "A registered letter for you from the Court of Justice! Huth must have started a libel suit against you. Shall I open it? . . . Gött in Himmel, no!" he exclaimed after a glance at the contents. "It is not Huth who brings the charge but the state! The — how do you call him? — the Director of Public Prosecutions demands your trial for insult to Germany. Listen, I will translate the charge."

> On the 24th February, 1935, the husband of the accused had a quarrel about rent with his landlord Emil Huth in the courtyard of the premises inhabited by both, the wives of both parties taking part in it. Without being directly concerned, the accused, upon Frau Huth saying that she was a German woman, shouted at the Huth couple:
>
> "You savages!"
>
> spitting at them at the same time.
>
> The accused is by birth an Englishwoman and by her marriage some years ago became a German subject. With the above mentioned words she, as a foreigner born, seized on the evil libel: "Huns and savages" in current use against Germans since the World War in countries hostile to Germany, and thereby expressed her disrespect towards the Huth couple in a particularly hurtful way. The accused was herself conscious of the dishonoring character of her utterance and behavior. She has partly confessed.

"*Partly!*" I exclaimed. "That's the most infuriating bit of the lot. Am I expected to confess to whatever crimes the Huths choose to accuse me of? And then this wicked reversal of the order of the remarks, pretending that I called them savages *after* Frau Huth had said she was German. Why, I particularly avoided saying anything after that. In any case, why on earth should she announce the self-evident fact that she is German unless provoked?"

"The whole thing is a tissue of lies," agreed Hans. "Look at 'quarrel about rent,' for example. It sounds as though we hadn't paid it, whereas rent was about the only thing *not* mentioned that day. But how to prove it with-

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out witnesses? Well, something most be done at once. See, it states here that you have only three days to decide whether you will make a defense. I will cycle to Radeburg this afternoon and engage a lawyer."

Radeburg was a town about ten miles farther out in the country, and, as the case was to be tried there, it would be cheaper to have a local lawyer than one from Dresden.

"Shall I be fined if the case goes against me?" I asked, as the question of costs began to loom large in my mind.

"Yes — and heavily," said Hans. "It may be anything up to a thousand marks."

But, when he returned from the interview with the lawyer, he had a grimmer possibility to announce: "He says it means concentration camp without a doubt. On reading the charge, his first word was, 'A hopeless case!' He was not too willing to take it on."

"With a hostile lawyer, it will indeed be hopeless," said I.

"On the other hand, his defense may have greater weight with the judge. I took the advice of a local schoolmaster before going to him. He is a strong Nazi and a personal friend of the judge. And in a small town these things count."

Just as a wound causes no pain in the first moments, the danger I was in made hardly any impression on me for a time. I was so accustomed to the way Germans exaggerated everything that I simply could not take this new melodrama seriously.

It was the ludicrous aspect of it that I stressed when I went to supper with Mihail Rostov, the Russian-born antique dealer, and his wife the following day. But as an after-dinner story it failed completely.

"I am very sorry," said Mihail, regarding me gravely. "Your lawyer has not exaggerated. You stand in the greatest peril. That word, although you used it in an innocent and limited sense, is so devastatingly apt. At heart, they all know they have been behaving like savages, and that is why they won't believe you didn't use it deliberately."

"Exactly! The cap fits too well," put in Mrs. Rostov.

They both looked at me as pityingly, as though I were suffering from an incurable disease.

But I could not believe that the case was as hopeless as all that. By refusing to take it too seriously myself, I surely had a chance of impressing on a people as suggestible as the Germans a less hysterical view of it.

IV

IT WAS UPHILL work getting my lawyer to view the case lightly.

He obviously regarded me as a terrible person and from the start behaved toward me as a judge rather than an advocate. "You do not seem to realize, Frau X, the enormity of your offense," he complained. "In the person of this old German soldier you have attacked our national honor."

"Not at all," I protested. "I simply attacked his own individual cruelty. And he *is* cruel. He has killed my cat."

"Pfui!" shouted Dr. Dietz, leaping from his chair. "That is beyond all! I speak of the German honor, and then you talk of cats. It constitutes a further insult. If you bring your cat into the case, you are lost indeed."

"But it's the whole point of it. If he hadn't threatened to kill the cat, I shouldn't have called him a savage."

"Perhaps you explain to the Herr Doktor exactly what you meant the word 'savage' to imply," interposed Hans helpfully.

"Why, of course, a person of rude and uncouth manners and violent, unrestrained temper," I replied, struggling with a definition at which I was to become quite glib during the five months the case dragged on.

"But, if that is true, why did you not use the word 'Wilde'?" expostulated the lawyer. "No German would ever call another 'ein Barbar.'"

"On the contrary," I eagerly countered, "I might never have known the word 'Barbar' had I not heard a German woman apply it to her husband. I understood very little German at the time, and so the word stuck in my head. It was when I was staying with Frau Förster in the Palatinate," I added to Hans, "and her husband ate well over a pound of raw ham, one breakfast time, while she and I were talking. I can still remember her horrified expression, as her eyes fell on the empty dish, and the way she exclaimed, 'Du Barbar!'"

"Do you think this lady could be persuaded to admit the fact?" inquired Dr. Dietz, brightening visibly as he saw for the first time a ray of hope. "If she will, it is your best defense."

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I wrote to her that night and had a most charming letter in reply. She said she could not recall the actual incident, but, as she so often had occasion to employ the term, I must certainly have heard her at one time or another.

I hoped her letter would be sufficient, but she actually had to appear at a Palatinate court and make a sworn statement before a judge that she was in the habit of calling her husband a savage! Although it was probably the Latin streak in her which enabled her to go through this ordeal unblushingly and with ironic appreciation of its humor, it must also be recorded that her intensely German husband made no objection to her action and that they both assured me of their eagerness to help.

Meanwhile the lawyer was industriously pursuing the question of provocation.

Could we remember any insulting remarks made by the Huths during the quarrel in the courtyard? It was no insult that he had called us dangerous people. That was unfortunately only too true. But was there anything else?

"He said he had had to chain the gate to keep out the peculiar-looking people who visited us. He referred to them as thieves."

"Excellent!" exclaimed the lawyer. "Why did you not tell me before?"

"Because that remark didn't provoke me. I understood it, coming as it did from a miser. It was simply his natural suspiciousness."

"But he thereby attacked the honor of your house and of your guests. Did you not feel that?" admonished the lawyer, obviously coming to the conclusion that foreigners cared nothing for their honor. "I can claim for you under German law the right to defend your honor by immediate retaliation. And, if, in addition, you can bring witnesses to prove that he refused them admission, we have the beginnings of a case."

"But I shouldn't have called him a savage for that. It would have been meaningless."

But I had to submit to this cunning distortion of the case. What seemed to me the clear provocation afforded by the threat to the cat was suppressed, and a tangled mass of evidence, covering twelve foolscap pages, took its place.

V

ANOTHER UNWELCOME SURPRISE was the piecemeal fashion in which such prosecutions are conducted in Germany.

A visitor who had been refused admission by Huth and three of our decent peasant neighbors, who had agreed to bear witness to Huth's unruly and abusive nature, were called to the court on different days, and their evidence heard *in camera*.

Nor was I allowed to be present when the Huths gave evidence against me, with the result that many of their statements probably went unchallenged.

I also learned with amazement that, if convicted, I must pay all witnesses, including the hostile ones, several marks each for their evidence, besides defraying their expenses in attending court. The prospect of having to pay the Huths for getting me sent to a concentration camp added the final touch of farcical unreality to the whole affair.

Less ironic but equally odd in my eyes was the Public Prosecutor's stipulation that I should appear alone before the judge, without the support of my lawyer.

We had heard so many sinister stories of the "confessions" extracted when no witnesses were present to disprove them that we tried hard to have Hans admitted as an interpreter.

The application was refused on the ground that the judge could speak English.

But when, on appearing before him, I begged him to put the more important questions in English, so that I should be sure of understanding him, he rapped out: "This is a German court. Here we speak German."

I could, I believe, have insisted on my legal right as a foreigner to have an interpreter, but the tendency in the Third Reich was to deny that right, and I wished to avoid alienating the judge. A man just turned thirty, he was one of the many absurdly young judges appointed to interpret the law in the spirit of the new Germany, and unless I could break down his hostility to me as a foreigner I should fare ill.

He took me in great detail through the quarrel with the Huths and the episode which first taught me the word *Barbar*.

Then we had a long wrangle over what the word "Hun" conveyed to my mind.

I said I had read about Attila at school.

So far so good, but had I seen the word applied to modern Germans in hostile foreign newspapers?

With a vivid memory of it as the title of an

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account of the Terror which had appeared in a Czech paper, I thought it time to point out how irrelevant this discussion was. "But, as I did not call the Huths Huns and as even they do not accuse me of doing so, what has it to do with the case?" I asked.

"The word was in your mind," declared the judge.

"It most certainly was not. And no one can say what was in my mind but I myself."

"Ah, that we can! We can read people's minds. And you would never have used the word 'Barbar' unless you thought of him as a Hun."

Once more I went through my own definition of the word and described how applicable it was to Emil Huth, whom no one could regard as a typical German. "I should call any Englishman a savage who behaved as he does," I concluded.

"That is not true!" burst out the judge. "No one calls the English savages."

It was a cry from the heart, an unconscious but utterly sincere confession of that jealous sickness which afflicts the German soul. One would have had to be adamantine to gloat over it.

"Oh, but they do!" I said comfortingly. "The French have been calling us savages for centuries. We owe it to them that our manners *are* beginning to improve at last. And we use the word ourselves constantly in the upbringing of our children. A father will say to his son: 'What, do you come to the table with dirty hands, you young savage? Go and wash them immediately.'"

Germans are always eager to acquire information, and, as I rambled on in this strain, I could feel the judge making a mental note of it all under the heading, Domestic Habits of the English. His manner softened more and more, and, when my "trial" came to an end, he rose and shook hands with me. He even took a few steps towards the door, with the evident intention of opening it for me, but remembered in time that he was a German judge, not my host, and sat down again hurriedly.

After an interminable week of doubts lest he should have veered round again after I left him, I learned from my lawyer, who had seen the report sent to the Public Prosecutor, that the judge had recommended the case should be dropped. He described the whole affair as a private quarrel of no national interest, adding that I was a "perfect lady" and the idea of my spitting at anyone was "ludicrous."

VI

But my little hour of triumph was short-lived.

The Public Prosecutor, furious that his beautiful political case should be dragged down to a merely human level, replied that Frau Förster's evidence, given under oath though it was, was worthless, since she was a friend of mine and "obviously" under my "influence." He demanded the reopening of the case on different lines. Abandoning the attempt to prove me guilty of insulting the German honor, he now demanded that I prove myself innocent of any tendencies "hostile to Germany."

Half a dozen witnesses were called to give evidence as to my character and opinions, one of them a man to whom I had never spoken and whose name I did not even know. I protested to the lawyer that it was absurd to expect him to say anything reliable about me — and yet it was he who did me more good than anyone, for he bore witness to having heard me give a lecture in which I told jokes against the English and Scotch, thus showing that I despised my own country and preferred Germany!

This made me so furious that only the combined efforts of Hans and the Rostovs prevented me from destroying the effect of the testimony by declaring how grossly I had been misunderstood.

The Huths were called again, and, having nothing to say about my opinions, accused Hans of failing to give the Hitler greeting.

"That is a very serious charge, Herr X," complained the lawyer.

"But what has it to do with my wife? As her advocate, you should have formally objected to such evidence and had it withdrawn as irrelevant."

"Nothing that touches the Führer can be irrelevant to anything," announced this well-trained Nazi.

At that Hans lost patience. "But there will be no end to the case if it goes on growing like a snowball. It began in April, and we are now at the end of July. All this tension we have endured — and for what? One word, one single word! It is abominable that so simple a case should drag on in this way."

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"What — you dare to attack the perfection of German justice!" exclaimed Dr. Dietz furiously. "That is your gratitude for the extraordinary pains that have been taken over your wife's case. Let me tell you this. *Whatever happens*, we shall be able to justify the result, let those inquire into it who may."

This was ominous, referring as it must do to the English protests expected if I were sent to a concentration camp.

More doubtful than ever of the good faith of my lawyer, we decided to consult another, surreptitiously.

On the recommendation of Mihail Rostov, Hans went to the expense of an interview with a famous Dresden lawyer, a Democrat who had appeared for the defense in many political trials, usually winning his cases by sheer force of personality.

He was very sympathetic, and his advice disinterested. "There is no doubt of the attempt to work the case up into something big," he said. "But so far they have not found the way to do it. They are only fumbling. Be patient a little longer, and perhaps they will give it up. It is all to the good that it is being handled at Radeburg by little provincial people who cannot do things in a big way. If I appear in it, the Public Prosecutor, who hates me, will demand its immediate transference to the Dresden Court, and thence it might even go to the People's Court at Leipzig. If it *should* come to that, even without my intervention, I will willingly defend your wife. But it will be better for her to avoid, if possible, the extra expense and the painful publicity."

Appreciating the soundness of this advice, we waited quietly for another month, while the Radeburg judge considered extracts made by Dr. Dietz from some of my old articles lauding the culture of pre-Nazi Germany.

I hated having what I had written about the old Germany applied to the new and was appalled when I saw a copy of the judge's final summing up, in which he declared that I had been "active in interpreting the Third Reich" in my own country "and thus contributed to a better understanding between the two great nations."

"If he had used the word 'Germany' instead of 'the Third Reich' I could have borne it," I wailed to Hans. "But how *can* I accept acquittal on such terms?"

"You had better," said Hans grimly. "By that word alone he has saved you. In other respects, the summing up is none too favorable. See — at the beginning he merely says that the charge that you are hostile to Germany 'cannot be *proved*' and at the end he says that you do 'not appear sufficiently suspicious' to be committed for further trial. 'Not proved' is a bad verdict in present-day Germany, for it means that, if you ever get into any further trouble, the whole case will be raised again."

The lawyer, when announcing that the Public Prosecutor had consented to drop the charge, also pointed out how much I owed to the judge. "I hope you realize your good fortune, Frau X. But for the good impression you made on the judge, you would without doubt have been sent to a concentration camp for education, even although not convicted. That is our usual procedure when there is hardly sufficient proof for a sentence to penal servitude."

It is because this was only too true that I have related the proceedings against me in such detail. Since I was not punished, I bear Germany no malice for them. Knowing German touchiness so well, it was incredibly stupid of me to forget the guard I was thoroughly accustomed to keeping on my tongue. The worry and expense that moment of forgetfulness cost me were only the price one not infrequently has to pay for stupidity, and compensated for to some extent by increased knowledge of the workings of German "justice." But when it is remembered that thousands of men and women now languish in concentration camps for as trivial a cause, convicted (when they *were* convicted and not merely incarcerated without trial) on evidence as flimsy, weighed by methods as slipshod, it will be seen that this example of judicial clowning cannot be dismissed with a laugh. It is too symbolic of the Third Reich.

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The WPA—
Loafers or Workers?

by **DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE**

Is it true, as you so often hear, that people on relief acquire the habit of living at ease and thenceforth refuse to go to work? Is it true that WPA workers cling to their soft snap and refuse to take jobs in private employment? Do Americans really like to work, or would they rather loaf?

There are records in the WPA files that bear on this question, for one of the jobs of the WPA is research into the attitudes and behavior of its own workers.

It should go without saying that anyone with a little observation can find a horrible example to prove that "reliefers" are happy to relax on Uncle Sam's bosom, and no one needs to look far to find a WPA loafer or one who has to be bounced before he will go out into the cold world. For there have always been shiftless families, or shiftless men with hard-working wives, or vice versa. You remember one (at least) in your home town who had to be "helped," when you were in Sunday School, and you find them still in every community. They prove nothing about present-day relief or about the WPA.

But are there millions of them now? Have relief and the WPA turned good workers into shiftless paupers?

On the face of it and considering what has happened to some millions of helpless people, one would expect that the losses of morale would be stupendous. The astonishing thing is that so little trace of lost morale can be found in the records. Apparently the American people are tougher than anyone had a right to hope.

II

What sort of people are "on" the WPA?

All sorts, of course. The most striking thing about them is how very American they are.

Take this one as an example:

Bill Jones is forty-one years old, born on a Midwestern farm, one of eight children. He was a smart youngster; at fourteen he was halfway through high school. He then ran away from home because his father got drunk and knocked him unconscious.

Heading south, he picked up a few odd jobs on farms, until one day he wandered onto a race track where a jockey had just been killed. In the emergency which developed, Bill was given a job as jockey. This lasted him six years. He worked on a commission basis and earned as much as $6,000 a year when he was eighteen.

When his employer failed in business and gave up racing, young Jones secured a job in a salt mine, where he worked until he enlisted in the World War, in 1917. He was sent to France, participated in four major battles, and was gassed; but at the time of his discharge

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from the army he refused disability compensation because he "objected to sponging on the government."

After a brief visit with his parents, to whom he had been reconciled, he started to look for a job. He found one as a painter for an oil company and traveled about his State painting gas stations. In his off season he traded in furs, until, in 1923, he was cleaned out by an overnight 25-per-cent drop in the fur market. He continued in the painting business and developed a keen interest in art, especially murals, read widely on the subject, and never missed an exhibition.

In 1926 he married. His wife is a good cook and has a courageous disposition, which no doubt helps to account for Mr. Jones's persistent struggle in the face of misfortune.

In 1927, he set up a sign-painting business of his own, which failed in 1933 after absorbing $500 of his veterans' adjusted compensation. After living by odd jobs for a few months, he landed in a CWA road project but quit, in the spring of 1934, to take a sign-painting job. In December of 1934 he was broke again and had to apply for relief. Before going on relief he cashed in his two insurance policies, netting himself $50. In the spring of 1935, he found another job as a sign painter, which lasted a year. On the side, he painted murals in local taverns. In 1936 he took his bonus money and again went into business for himself; but ill luck beset him. A dishonest employee cleaned him out of about $200 worth of materials. By October, 1936, he was broke again.

He applied to the WPA, and was assigned to an art job on a recreational project. He enjoyed this work so much that he hated to leave it but, as he wanted to get back on his own, he quit in April, 1937, to take a house-painting job. He earned $500 during the spring and summer but fell and broke his wrist, and was again set back by doctors' bills and inability to work. In January, 1938, he was forced back on relief.

His murals in local taverns have evoked considerable comment, and recently they came to the attention of the school authorities in his State. When last heard from, Bill Jones was negotiating for a job with the State as a traveling art teacher at $200 a month.

Bill Jones is a typical American, although probably few others could be found who had progressed from jockeying to art teaching by way of the fur trade. He is typical in his checkered career, with its ups and downs, its sudden changes of occupation, and the indication of a continuous will to live. Twice he has been on work relief and twice on direct relief but he still has his own ideas about how to get on his feet again. He represents the millions whose lives have been upset by the long depression but who are neither too sick nor too old to scramble for a toe hold. He represents millions of employable men and women, white-collar workers and laborers, skilled mechanics, scientists, experienced and inexperienced workers, who, having lost their jobs and exhausted their private resources, have needed employment on WPA projects to tide them over a desperate period.

III

Are these Joneses of America turning down private employment? Do they wish to remain wards of the government? Are the unemployed lazy? Is the WPA creating a labor shortage through its work-relief policy? Is Bill Jones typical or only a shining exception?

Let us look at the record.

More than five thousand cases of alleged job refusals (of both WPA and private assignments), reported since 1935, have been investigated by agents of the federal government.

Only forty-two of these refusals, or less than 1 per cent, were found to be real cases of an individual's not wanting to work.

The investigation covered large cities with diversified industries, small cities with a single industry, and farming areas of various kinds. The researchers were not content with asking the person under investigation why he failed to take the job. In all cases where the circumstances were doubtful, they investigated further to learn whether his story was true. The number of probable errors would not more than double the number of unjustifiable refusals reported.

There were even a few cases crossed off because the individuals were not "reliefers" at all. A few other individuals, it was found, were in jail or dead at the time they were reported as having failed to show a proper eagerness to take a job. These miscellaneous cases came to 14 per cent of the total of 5,055.

In 12 per cent of the cases, the job was un-

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suitable. The worker could not do the work or could not afford the required tools or could not get transportation to the job. Many white-collar people are not physically able to do manual labor. (And, by the way — speaking of shovel leaning — try spading a garden for an eight-hour day under the eye of a candid camera! Since the time of Frederick W. Taylor, scientific management has recognized that rest pauses add to the efficiency of labor.) Even with normal periods of shovel leaning, the pace of a manual job is too fast for the ordinary indoor man or for a laborer who has been underfed for some time.

In 17 per cent of the cases, the people under investigation were found to have moved without leaving addresses, so that the notification had reached them too late or not at all.

Temporary or permanent disability accounted for 18 per cent of the refusals. Many of those who had been ill at the time of the refusal were found to be recovered and working.

The largest number of refusals, 38 per cent, came in cases where the workers in question already had found jobs. This class includes those who refused WPA assignments because they had private jobs or who refused private jobs because they already had other private jobs.

The experience of the depression has proved that the American people still want jobs. They learned in school that in America the boy who studies and works day and night will marry the boss's daughter and become president of the company. The vast majority still believe in work.

Fortune reported, as a result of a survey in 1937, that more than two thirds of the workers on relief had at some time held one job for more than five years. In each of the eleven localities covered in the *Fortune* survey, a board of local citizens was set up to rate the WPA workers and relief recipients as to employability. Only 25 per cent were rated unemployable, the principal reasons for this being old age and poor health. Even among those who were judged unemployable by these boards, one in eight was able to find work in the prosperous period of 1937.

The stories about WPA workers or people on relief coming to jobs and walking away again are mostly based on a small percentage of cases where wages or working conditions were substandard. A few employers think a depression is a good chance to get workers for less than a subsistence wage and are happy to let the relief office make up the difference. The unskilled casual workers, on the other hand, having no chance to answer back, have perforce developed their own system of protection from such a policy. They retreat into silence, quit the job, and pass the word along the "grapevine" that So-and-So is bad medicine. Employers who have been given this silent treatment are apt to be vocal when the WPA refuses to force workers into their clutches. They originate a good many of the common stories about the WPA's creating a scarcity of labor.

IV

THERE CAN, of course, be a scarcity of labor and a surplus at the same time, because workers are not all alike. Most of our unemployed workers are unskilled, and most of the scarcity is in the skilled trades. During the depression, the apprentice system broke down, and the usual supply of young skilled workers did not materialize. Young men and women entering the labor market remained jobless. Skilled workers who had been laid off became too old, or lost their health and skills and were no longer acceptable to industry. Many employers will not take a worker over forty years of age, and a considerable number of the skilled men on the WPA have reached their fifties.

There will continue to be a shortage of skilled labor until such time as industry can absorb young workers and train them. But such a shortage is not the fault of the WPA. The amount of training which can be done on WPA projects is limited, and the government cannot halt the passing of the years which disqualifies the older trained men.

It is generally agreed that there are from ten to twelve million unemployed in this country. The WPA has had from two to three million on its rolls. To blame the WPA for a shortage of labor is to charge that the tail is wagging the dog. What about those who are not on the WPA or on direct relief? Shortages of certain types of workers exist despite these millions who walk the streets.

The servant problem, for instance, has been acute for many years; it existed long before the advent of the WPA. Housewives who can-

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not or will not pay decent wages or offer attractive working conditions point to the thousands of women unemployed or working on WPA projects and charge that the fault lies with lazy workers.

The fact is that domestic service, often considered an unskilled occupation, really requires a considerable degree of skill. A servant is expected to keep a home in good order, buy food, cook, clean, and launder. She must have youth, personality, good character, and initiative.

Such a person usually either is already employed in an office or has a good chance to find a job without going into domestic service. Why should anyone who can get a better job submit to being treated as an inferior, working unlimited hours, and receiving a compensation of $3 or $5 a week?

In several cities the WPA conducts training classes for domestic servants where young women are taught the skills necessary to make them efficient household workers. But these trained workers can and do secure positions with families that offer good wages, regular hours, and pleasant working conditions. Usually, there is a waiting list of employers for the girls who complete these courses. Neither the WPA nor any other agency can solve the problem of finding first-class workers for underpaid and undesirable employment.

In some forest and farm occupations there are similar conditions of low pay and long hours, which create a scarcity of labor. Here and there, for instance, a farmer or a lumber operator is found who offers less than the going rate of wages or who has a reputation for cheating on his payroll. Workers soon learn of such conditions and refuse to accept them. Then the would-be employers kick.

Another common reason for the shortage of workers in certain areas is the cost of travel and the workers' reluctance to move their families from one locality to another without some fair assurance of continuous employment. There may be a scarcity of farm workers in a truck-gardening area, yet in a neighboring State there may be thousands of persons on relief or employed on WPA projects. Unless the farmers can pay enough to transport the workers daily to the scene of employment or to support them while they live away from home, there is no way to get the men and the jobs together.

In the West there are thousands of migratory farm workers who travel from one crop to the next. They move in great numbers, led by stories of work to be had in one place or another. Sometimes there is an oversupply of workers in one county and a scarcity in another. Sometimes one crop is delayed, detaining the workers a week or two, while another crop comes early, placing other farmers in a tight spot for labor to harvest it.

Local WPA directors keep in close touch with the demand for workers, and whenever jobs are available they send WPA workers to apply, releasing them for private employment.

In the early stages of relief work, many workers were afraid to accept private jobs for fear they might soon be unemployed again and take months to get back on the WPA. This situation has been remedied in most localities by giving the workers assurance of re-employment after holding temporary private jobs.

It is significant that more than a million WPA workers have taken private jobs since the beginning of the program. The WPA is organized so that, with occasional local exceptions, it gears closely into private industry and serves as a reservoir of labor. It takes up some of the slack between private jobs and supplies workers, through the U. S. Employment Service, whenever they can be employed in industry or agriculture.

It is to be hoped that, by publicity and experience, employers will be led to make increasing use of the United States Employment Service, so that the WPA can place its men, rather than "dump" them, loose, into the labor market. Regardless of what cries of protest are raised, there is no apparent reason why the WPA should dump workers on the labor market in order to satisfy the demands of the few who want a surplus of labor so that they can get workers at sweatshop wages. The WPA has adopted a policy of refusing to jeopardize the wages of workers now employed by forcing its own people to accept jobs at substandard pay and under undesirable working conditions.

V

A HALF-DOZEN TYPICAL complaints out of the hundreds investigated by the national WPA headquarters present an interesting comparison between the charges of labor scarcity and the facts.

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One letter, addressed to the President, stated that there was an acute shortage of cannery and field labor in Maryland and Delaware, caused by work relief. The writer was requested for additional information and named twenty-one canneries. Investigation proved that half of these were not operating and only one was looking for any workers; this plant wanted a few women to clean strawberries. The shortages in field labor were limited to two areas. In one, a number of spinach cutters were required for two weeks; and in the other a large number of strawberry pickers were needed for one week. Practically all the employers interviewed considered relief policies of negligible importance in accounting for labor shortages, which occur yearly because of the highly concentrated and erratic demand for workers and because earnings and employment conditions are relatively unattractive.

A Kansas farmer complained bitterly that he had driven hundreds of miles in search of farm hands but found them all on WPA projects. The unemployment census of his county showed 518 men registered as jobless and wanting work. Only 189 workers were employed on WPA projects. When interviewed, the farmer had no jobs to offer but said he might need a helper some months hence.

In New York, newspaper items reported that large numbers of negroes were being imported for farm work on Long Island, because local workers were on the WPA. Investigation disclosed that the report concerned only one farmer, who also owned a farm in Florida and who regularly transported his help from Florida to Long Island, when the Southern season was over. A total of seventeen negroes had been imported. To test the possibility of securing a job as a farm laborer on Long Island, a newspaper reporter applied for work — any kind — at fifteen farms, and was turned down in each case.

In Tennessee, a cotton planter complained that he could not get from fifty to seventy-five men to chop cotton, because half the negroes approached were working for the WPA. Investigators discovered that the workers had to be transported 45 miles to the farm, leaving at 6 A.M. and returning at 8 P.M. — and that for a wage of only $1 a day. The district WPA director did not feel justified in releasing men to accept work under those conditions.

The Governor of Oregon received complaints from six employers who claimed the WPA had caused a serious labor shortage. The investigation disclosed no shortage of labor, and the complainants, when interviewed, stated that they had no jobs to offer. Previously, certain WPA projects in Oregon had been closed in response to complaints of labor shortages, but workers reported that no jobs could be found. Since then, men have been released from the projects only when real jobs were available.

In Texas, a shortage of cotton pickers, in 1937, led to many requests for the suspension of all WPA projects. It was found, however, that State and county WPA officials had already released all workers regarded as physically able to pick cotton. Actually, the labor shortage was caused by early ripening of the crop in the northern part of the State, before the migratory workers were through in the southern part.

As these reports show, the WPA has not been a large factor in the labor supply. There is a reserve of millions of unemployed, outside the WPA, to which industry can turn. Many labor shortages reported at the present time are recurring problems which first arose long before the WPA and have continued through the depression. When business is recovering, cases of local scarcity of certain kinds of labor are bound to occur from time to time.

The investigations of complaints turn up a surprisingly small number of actual cases of laziness or even of unwillingness to leave the WPA for the risks of private employment. Apparently the people who have borne the brunt of the long depression have kept their desire to work and to get back on their feet. A pretty tough race of people, these Americans, and hard to kill. They'd better be, for it takes a long time to get America straightened out.

Some shiftless people there are, as there have always been. A real loss of skill and energy through sickness and old age can be observed among the unemployed. But, in the main, the workers of America seem to be "taking it" better than anyone had reason to expect.

Coming Soon:
"(Signed) The Forgotten Man"

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The Artist's Point of View

Films for Democracy

PRESSED TOO HARD, it is said, a worm will turn.

Pressed too hard by aggression which threatens to destroy things precious to him, man also will turn — and fight. History is pocked with the stories of such things and the consequences thereof. Sometimes the fighting is with spears and guns; sometimes it is with ideas.

At the moment I write, a new weapon is being forged which may prove to be more effective than either alone. That weapon has been named Films for Democracy.

Films for Democracy came into being by a kind of spontaneous combustion. One man, as so often happens, lighted a match, and an explosion followed. The spontaneous part came in the response to the match.

For, if ever there were pent-up feelings which needed release in some hopeful line of counter-attack, they have been induced recently by the deep resentment at the return to barbarism which is spreading outward in ever widening circles from the Nazi Germany of today. The whole civilized world watches that spreading with horror — a hopeless horror, because there seems no way to combat it except with guns.

When the film was presented as the better way, that idea was the match. Hope caused the explosion of quick welcome. The hand of Samuel J. Rodman lighted the match. Dr. Ned H. Dearborn, of New York University, and a long list of assorted celebrities supported the reckless act.

There was an organization dinner, last November, of 125 people, with a flood of telegrams of support from all over the country (including Hollywood) and speeches outlining policy. An initial fund of three thousand dollars was raised on the spot; plans for an immense dinner and a production fund of a quarter of a million dollars were approved. Today a screen writers' committee is already hunting for the right film material. And the central office has been moved to larger quarters.

Direction and production are to be professional, by people within the industry who are hungry to compensate for their commercial shackles by doing something honest and constructive with their potentially great medium. The plan of operation is co-operative. Salaries, even of famous stars, will be modest — at their own request.

The production program aims to build pictures which really will dramatize democracy, as effectively as the box-office successes dramatize "triangles" or gangsters. Emotional appeal and thrill of action will have their place. But underneath the various human allurements will be revealed the values of life under the bill of rights — lest we forget.

There are victories ahead for the program if the money can be raised without the incentive of private gain. Distribution in the regular theaters is assured, provided the films are good "box office," and this means reaching the millions. In addition there will be organizational support from many quarters.

Frontier Films, Inc., a co-operative group, is already producing films which come within the objective of Films for Democracy. At present, Frontier has half completed a film on civil liberties, directed by Paul Strand, dramatizing the findings of the La Follette committee. This film has been officially approved by Films for Democracy and may be incorporated in the program. It is to be hoped so.

So, the picture, in its new form of motion, is again to dramatize human life with an educational purpose, as it has in painting, sculpture, and print throughout history.

Let me set down just one warning. To get high drama, including the visual, into a film for democracy (or any other cause), one profession must be called in for collaboration with the various technicians — the artists. The artists, I mean, who know pictorial organization of light, dark, space, form, and movement. Commercial producers rarely consider this item important. Will co-operative films do better with it?

RALPH M. PEARSON

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A Page for Poets

Conducted by Henry Goddard Leach

Former President, Poetry Society of America

We Who Have Looked on Death

We who have looked on death shall look
no more
On beauty walled by this circumfer-
ence.
Earth is for us an outward swinging door,
And time has loosed its cerements of
tense.
Wider and wider spreads the aperture
Through which we gaze on space
grown intimate,
Since death has led us past the sepulture
To skies no compasses delineate.
We have outspanned the boundaries we
knew,
Our ramparts are no longer where they
stood,
Black in the sun and lengthening on our
view
The small earth's shadow like a dusty
hood.
Now we have learned from the far-
journeying breath
To measure you, O world grown great
with death!

MADELINE MASON

Wild Heron

Lightly now, as lightly as
A breath of wind breathes through the
grass,
Softly, softly, quieter
Than an opening lily's stir,
The heron, wings of folded white,
Treads the silence of the night.

Through the waters of the dark
Flashing with a firefly's spark,
By the fern-banks sweet and close,
Palely as a dream he goes,
Spreads his young wings frail and thin
To let the starlight drift within,
Folds them slowly back again,
Cool with starlight, as with rain.

Softly, softly, through the night
He wanders, white as snow is white,
And when the last marsh shadows pass
To let the sunrise light the grass,
Dawn will find him, quietly,
The secret blossom on a tree.

DANIEL WHITEHEAD HICKY

One Leaf

Last night the first leaf fell
On my lawn. I thought
Surely a thing so frail,
So delicately wrought,

Surely a thing so slight
Should sink to earth unheard,
For leaves should float as light
As feathers from a bird.

So trivial an event
It seemed to be but all
The silent night was rent
By one leaf's fall.

MARY SINTON LEITCH

Poetry is . . .

A pencilled silhouette of words
To trace the flight and song of birds.

A pedaled melody to flare
Indelible upon the air.

A phrase that rings in answering cry
To wing a thought, or stab a sigh.

A pattern wrung from stars to make
The core of man articulate.

RUTH DART

Fashions for Fascists

Where tyranny's a passion
And liberty is treason,
One color keeps in fashion
For shirts through every season;

Since brown shirts hide their mud-stains,
And red shirts dim the meaning
Of all their crimson blood-stains,
While black shirts need no cleaning.

But shirts of freer nations
Betray those blots and sploshings
That cause investigations
And frequent public washings.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

He Knew His Way

He had never been inside this house,
And it was night, but still he knew his
way.
Here was the place for the hearth to be,
and here
The door should be, and here a window
frame,
And, sure enough, the solid wall let
through
Twelve dim rectangles dusted with the
stars.
By rights the stairs were there, and there
they were,
Making a long road up to taking rest,
Making a short road up to making love.
He knew his way because this was New
England,
And this house was an old one. All his
roots
Had followed out these lines three hun-
dred years,
They knew the places where men put
their tap-roots
Upon the hearth and round the pantry
walls,
Dim ancestors of his below the earth-
light,
Six feet down, put out his hands for him,
He did not need his eyes, the eyeless
sires
Who shaped the contours of his skull and
thighs
Led him straight without the use of
sight.
The house was one built right, and he
belonged here,
Here was the door that led up to the
chamber
Where his father begot him, here the
door
That led into the front room where he
died.

ROBERT P. TRISTRAM COFFIN

The Whole Duty of a Poem

A poem should be, as our best ever are,
Golden of heart like a rose or a star.
A poem should be, like the brook that
you hear
Sing down the mountainside, lovely and
clear.
Yet in its music a poem should hold
That which is felt but may never be told.

ARTHUR GUITERMAN

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It Seems to Heywood Broun . . .

"The prejudice of Puritans and educators against fiction dies slowly . . . but I still insist that serious-minded folk who turn to books for enlightenment rather than mere recreation will do well to devote themselves chiefly to the novelists. . . ." (from Heywood Broun's column, "It Seems to Me"). * * * Even if we had paid Mr. Broun to do it — which of course we didn't — he could not have written a more exact statement of the idea behind *Scribner's* fiction. Good fiction, it seems to us, is a perfect implement for examining the complexities of contemporary life. Good fiction, we believe, is able to reflect the problems of the moment with clarity, is capable of anticipating the threats of tomorrow morning with accuracy. Good fiction, we know, is intensely readable. * * * Our aim is to publish in *Scribner's* the best fiction being written in America today. To realize this goal, we have broken many precedents — we have scrapped the restrictions of the short-story form and substituted the freer, wider scope of the short novel; we have banished conventional taboos and asked authors to write as they please; we have made only one stipulation: that *Scribner's* fiction must deal sharply and realistically with life in contemporary America. * * * How well we have succeeded is not for us to say. We can, however, state the facts. In the past six months we have published these Short Novels: *What's in It for Me?* by Jerome Weidman; *To the Market Place*, by Berry Fleming; *A Stranger Came to Port*, by Max Miller; *There Is Still the Night*, by Elick Moll; *One Last Wilderness*, by Wallace Stegner; *Seasoned Timber*, by Dorothy Canfield. * * * During the next half-year we will publish six more of the best short novels produced in America.

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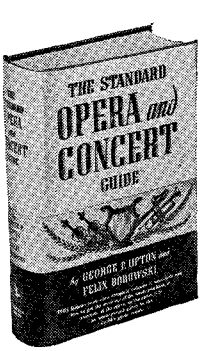

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THE RECORD REVIEW

STRAUSS: SYMPHONIA DOMESTICA. Philadelphia Orchestra, conducted by Eugene Ormandy (Victor M, AM 520; 5 records, $10.00).

TAYLOR: THROUGH THE LOOKING GLASS, *Suite.* Columbia Symphony Orchestra, conducted by Howard Barlow (Columbia 350; 4 records, $8.00).

HARPSICHORD RECITAL. Ralph Kirkpatrick (Musicraft 25; 6 records, $9.00).

SCHUMANN: CONCERTO IN A MINOR, *op. 54.* Myra Hess, piano, & orchestra conducted by Walter Goehr (Victor M, AM 473; 4 records, $6.50).

HINDEMITH: QUARTET NO. 3, *op. 22.* Coolidge String Quartet (Victor M, AM 524; 3 records, $6.50).

BEETHOVEN: QUARTET IN E FLAT, *arr. from quintet, op. 16.* E. Robert Schmitz, piano, & members of Roth String Quartet (Columbia 348; 4 records, $6.00).

BRUCKNER: OVERTURE IN G MINOR. Henry J. Wood & Queen's Hall Orchestra (Decca 7; 2 records, $2.25).

TSCHAIKOWSKY: NUTCRACKER SUITE. Alexander Smallens & symphony orchestra (Decca 23; 3 10″ records, $2.75).

THE Domestic Symphony of Strauss was introduced to this country in 1904 by the composer himself, and at that time its program of mamma, papa, and baby caught the imagination of critics and public alike. Shorn of its program, the symphony — actually a symphonic poem — is a tedious bore, as bombastic as the egomaniac ravings of *Ein Heldenleben.* It represents the talent which composed the sparkling rondo, *Til Eulenspiegel,* well on the road to decay.

But this is the first recording of the symphony and as such should have immense appeal in many quarters. Besides, it is magnificently orchestrated, and the Philadelphians drain it to the last ounce. Another salutary factor is the spaciousness of the recording, which omits little, if any, of the orchestration's effulgence.

DEEMS TAYLOR'S Suite combines a series of firsts: the first Deems Taylor work to get onto records, the first gramophonic adventure of the Columbia Symphony Orchestra, and Mr. Barlow's debut on discs.

Mr. Taylor's music is pleasingly graphic and sentimental, dextrously written and skillfully orchestrated. It contains idioms of forerunners of Mr. Taylor, but the freshness of every bar and the color of the orchestration make it gratifying in every way. Surely Mr. Taylor has a manner of writing for the woodwinds, down to the contrabassoon, that in itself is worthy of recording.

Both Mr. Barlow and the Orchestra should have been on records before. Many of their performances over the C.B.S. network should be recorded, and it is hoped, now that there is a financial tie between C.B.S. and the Columbia Phonograph Company, that this splendid orchestra and its able conductor will be permanent additions to the recording field — as will be the excellence of these records.

MUSICRAFT, the David between two Goliaths, scores another triumph, perhaps its greatest for a time to come, with the Kirkpatrick recorded recital.

Old music had not been done in its original form with great success until Musicraft entered the recording business about two years ago. Since then, its harpsichord and organ records, and also its choral records, have brought about a new deal in the recording of the polyphonic style.

Ralph Kirkpatrick's recorded recital presents an extraordinary sample of music for the harpsichord, including, as it does, Bach's Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D minor, two suites by Purcell, two sonatas by Domenico Scarlatti, and items by Rameau, Couperin, and Morley. These works belong in any collection which pretends to catholicism, and, while their historical value may be paramount, their musical appeal is genuine and magnetic. Beyond this, Mr. Kirkpatrick performs a veritable miracle by giving the harpsichord a dynamic variance and continuity of line that heretofore have been unattainable. To complete the case, these records, qualitatively, are the best to come from Musicraft's studios to date.

SCHUMANN'S piano concerto has needed re-recording for some time. Miss Hess could not be surpassed as the artist to do it. Although her playing is broad and romantic, and just what the music requires, the orchestral accompaniment and the dullness of the recording make this set only the best of the available recordings of the concerto instead of one of the high spots in Victor's catalogue. But much of this may be due to the soporific character of the music, for the sixth and eighth sides of the records arouse considerable interest.

HINDEMITH is one of the most talked-about musicians of the day. Supposedly a musical radical, he is one of our most conforming composers, if one will only take the trouble to see this. If you listen to Hindemith in terms of today and remember that he is only expressing his feelings, which, in fact, are conditioned by the influences of society, you will readily understand him.

This quartet is formally clear. The five movements categorically fall within various patterns. And the talk about atonality is so much nonsense. If anything, the quartet is polytonal, with several tonalities prevailing simultaneously.

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The Record Review

The Coolidge Quartet makes its first appearance on records in this set. Victor is fortunate to have these musicians in its fold, for they are an admirable addition to the chamber-music world. Perhaps Victor will let them record some more Hindemith and give them as superb a mechanical background as they have provided in the current set. So far as I can see, this is really one of Victor's noblest chamber-music achievements.

WHY Columbia chose to record the quartet version of opus 16 is a puzzle to me. Yes, the Roth people and Mr. Schmitz give a delightful performance, and Beethoven himself wrote the quartet version. But the facts that originally opus 16 was scored for piano and winds and that it is suited to wind timbre augur well for the first version.

In any case, the music is light and gay, and the recording is excellent.

FOR Brucknerites who cannot persuade the major companies to release more of their master's larger works, Decca's G-minor overture will be something of a pleasure. For others it will be an introduction to the music of a man whose true genius may be recognized by the world at large some day. In the overture there is ample evidence of Bruckner's best characteristics: polyphonic inventiveness, masterful orchestration, thematic beauty, bold improvisation. Possibly the hearing of this set will increase that small band of devotees, almost religious in their fervor, who want more of Bruckner's music — the third, fifth, sixth, and eighth symphonies — on records.

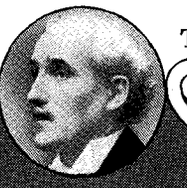
MUSIC for children and young people is a Decca specialty. Among its catalogue items are albums of French folk songs, highlights from the score of the cartoon film, "Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs," and now this compact version of the Nutcracker Suite.

Instead of detracting from Tschaikovsky's score, the condensed version gives it a greater charm by deleting superfluous passages that burden the music. Mr. Smallens and his small orchestra perform the music with an intimacy often lacking in more pretentious approaches. For once the Suite sounds like music for children, its scope being naïve and fanciful

Again the Decca records are full of extramusical scratch, but at the same time they are spacious and articulate. The wood winds, especially, are recorded colorfully. Among the set's assets is a skillfully written leaflet by Moses Smith, of the *Boston Transcript*, who presents material of fact rather than of hallucination.

ARTHUR WALLACE HEPNER

Barbirolli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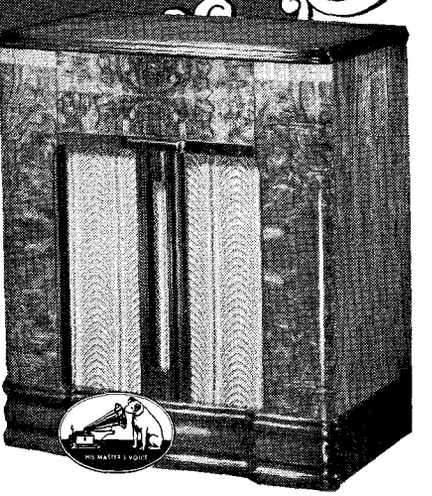

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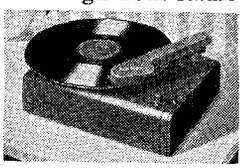

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TOASTS

ALVIN F. HARLOW is probably best known as a historian of transportation and communication but has also written theatrical biographies, essays, and both articles and fiction for magazines.

MARC A. ROSE is an ex-newspaperman from the Middle West and a former editor of *Business Week*. He is known as a writer on monetary problems; his previous FORUM appearance was in October ("The Smiths Are Building a Home").

CAROLINE FUHR is a Yankee who teaches school in Texas. Besides writing and enjoying her spinsterhood, her chief interests are negro literature, swimming, and cooking.

JOHN J. PELLEY rose from station clerk to be Vice President in charge of operations of the Illinois Central Railroad and, later, President of the New York, New Haven, and Hartford. He has headed the Association of American Railroads since 1934.

GEORGE M. HARRISON is president of the largest of the railway labor organizations and Chairman of the Railway Labor Executives' Association. He lives in Cincinnati, Ohio.

ELIOT JANEWAY, a young statistician and economist, was a FORUM contributor in February, 1938, with "A Fair Price for Milk," and since then has been writing extensively on railroad problems and international economic questions.

JOHN FORSYTHE is a business executive who, he says, "started to think when my income started to shrink — in October, 1929." Of Canadian birth, he has been an American resident for thirteen years and has published occasional magazine articles on economic subjects.

FRED SCHWED, JR., is a New Yorker who, before he went to Wall Street, was in the advertising business. He has published both fiction and nonfiction but insists that his hobby is writing nothing at all.

CHRISTY BORTH is a Detroit newspaperman who, formerly a worker in various auto shops, did not take up journalism until the depression struck the automobile industry. THE FORUM published his "Henry Ford, Schoolmaster," last September.

MADELEINE KENT, who does not reveal her German husband's name during the course of her story, remained in Germany with him until 1937, when he was able to find employment in England and got permission to leave the Reich.

DAVID CUSHMAN COYLE is an economist, consultant to the National Resources Committee and the Senate Committee on Unemployment and Relief.

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Forum Quiz Answers

1. (c) *Eric von Stroheim. Producer of "Grand Illusion."*
2. (a) *"No, Sugar, I seldom listen to the radio." Slang term for murder mysteries.*
3. (d) *Cézanne.*
4. (b) *Daguerre.*
5. (c) *Battleship remains heart of fleet. Nations are building more large craft than ever.*
6. (a) *Virginio Gayda. Writes for "Giornale d' Italia."*
7. (b) *Orphan Annie, With about 20,000,000 readers, leads polls and surveys.*
8. (c) *occupies a strategic position in Mediterranean.*
9. (c) *a new book of poetical hash by Ogden Nash.*
10. (a) *Guam can help defend Manila. It is 1,400 miles from Yokohama.*
11. (e) *Shirley Temple.*
12. (b) *coffee*
13. (b) *And the mome raths outgrabe. From "The Jabberwocky."*
14. (c) *Guldahl. Sam Snead current top money man.*
15. (c) *348 feet.*
16. (b) *About three times as fast. Fastest curved mile run by a horse was 1:34.4 by Equipoise in 1932. Fastest curved mile run by a man, the indoor unofficial 4:4.4 mile by Cunningham, at Dartmouth College in 1938.*
17. (d) *Charlie McCarthy. According to most polls and surveys.*
18. (a) *Winters aren't as cold as they used to be. Shown by government temperature figures. Although controversial, (c) may also be correct.*
19. (a) *a road to Mandalay. Highway recently built to bring in supplies, arms.*
20. (c) *air conditioning.*
21. (a) *Charles Burchfield.*
22. (d) *Movie serial. From the hero hanging on a cliff edge, at the end of an installment.*
23. (d) *"Variety." Sime Silverman, late editor.*
24. (a) *"Well, Claude, he writes novels with peculiar sentences in them about peculiar people doing peculiar things to each other." Which doesn't say that we don't read him a lot. Latest novel is "The Wild Palms" (Random House, $2.50).*
25. (e) *Winston Churchill.*
26. (b) *"L'Allegro," by Milton.*
27. (a) *The medical profession. Market is full of them, also the magazines.*
28. (a) *a dialect made up of German and Hebrew.*
29. (a) *Wooderson, Stanley. 4:6.4 mile record set August 28, 1937, in England.*
30. (a) *his ma held him by the heel while dunking him in the Styx. (For protection.)*

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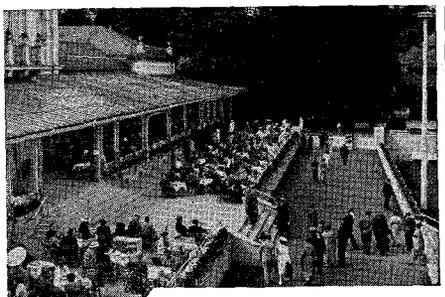

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● "One rests from the year at Bad Nauheim as one rests from the day at night."

31. (c) *a few troops could command several streets at once (from intersections).*
32. (d) *Hawes. Elizabeth H. recently published a book by that name.*
33. (c) *"And don't we have a lot of fun!"*
34. (a) *inflammation of the joints.*
35. (a) *100 A.D. Some evidence that men were skiing even centuries before this.*
36. (a) *Aenied. Should be Aeneid.*
37. (a) *misplaced modifier.*
38. (b) *is believed to have used the WPA politically. But don't get hot about it; call (a) right too.*
39. *Either (b) or (c) is correct.*
40. *Your opinion is as good as ours! All are correct.*

FORUM QUIZ CONTEST

THE results of this contest will be announced in the April issue, and at least one of the prize winning entries published. The suggestions received thus far will greatly enhance the interest and effectiveness of this new FORUM feature. It is the editor's wish to make the Quiz not just a series of questions on odd facts but an entertaining means of checking one's knowledge of developments in politics, science, sports, business, and the arts.

Travel Briefs

by **HARRY J. PRICE**

AGAIN we're beset by that this-time-of-the-year urge to go places . . . and still more places. In particular, however, every time the smell of the earth begins to creep through the winter-hardened ground, we think of the Scilly Isles and England's south-coast hydrangeas.

It is for the Scilly Isles, you know, that skippers of transatlantic greyhounds keep a weather eye peeled, to spot the famous Bishop's Rock lighthouse. The Rock, twenty-five miles off Land's End, England, is the technical finishing line for a steamer attempting an eastbound record and the starting line for westbound attempts.

The Scillies all told number about two hundred islands, of which only five are inhabited. The Gulf Stream winds among the islands, where, although they are in the same latitude as the cold tip of Newfoundland, the temperature in winter rarely falls below forty-six degrees and roses often bloom in midwinter.

It remained for an enterprising Scillian fisherman to put the Isles "on the map." Most of the inhabitants were once fisherfolk, until this ambitious chap conceived the idea of sending to the London market for sale some of the two hundred varieties of flowers that grow in the Scillies. When his first batch of flowers reached London, a company was formed there to "import" them.

Now, hundreds of tons of flowers are shipped to London and other parts of the British Isles annually; and from December to June practically all Scillians are employed picking, packing, and shipping them via Penzance, Cornwall, by boat and thence by express train across England.

Tennyson, you may remember, was a lover of the Scilly Isles, and it was there that he wrote *Enoch Arden*.

When you have reached the Scillies, which are almost in England, don't forget that June is the month in which England is traditionally considered to be at her best. The London season is at its height; the countryside is at its freshest and greenest. There is plenty of activity for you to enjoy, some of the more notable events being:

The Derby (pronounce it Darby) at Epsom Downs ⁄ the Walker Cup golf matches ⁄ the King's birthday celebration, with its famous Trooping of the Colors at the Horse Guards' parade in London, June 9 ⁄ the Royal Horse Show ⁄ the Military Tattoo at Aldershot ⁄ the Royal Ascot races ⁄ the Wimbledon tennis

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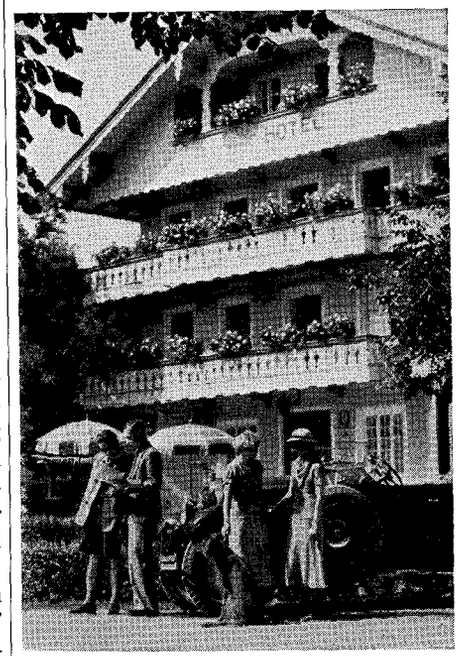

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You'll be enchanted by the castle-crowned Rhine, the Blue Danube, Goethe's Weimar, students' songs at Heidelberg, and the art of Munich, Dresden, Duesseldorf. Wagner will rule at Bayreuth's Music Festival; Beethoven, Mozart and Strauss at Salzburg. Berlin and Vienna each could entertain you royally for forty nights. Plan a long stay in Germany!

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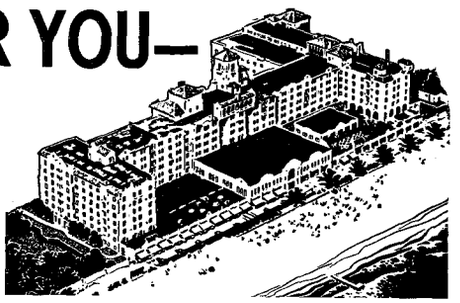

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If all these aren't enough, we'll be pleased to add to the list, if you'll drop us a line.

SINCE you are probably reading this on a wet February evening or a chilly March Sunday afternoon, perhaps we ought mentally to recross the Atlantic and take a look at that ever growing favorite among travelers, the Caribbean, and at Puerto Rico in particular.

A strange thing about this popular rendezvous for tourists is that nearly all her people are of Spanish descent. There is only a small percentage of negroes among the population of about a million and a half.

In the early part of the sixteenth century, the Spaniards under Ponce de León undertook the work of subjugating the Caribs. This was done with halberd and matchlock and resulted, more or less, in the extermination of the natives. Slaves were imported in later years, but their descendants have not multiplied to any great extent.

San Juan holds as much charm today as it did when Juan Ponce de León first visited it, a youthful member of Columbus' crew. Ponce de León loved it so much that, when old age overtook him, he sought a means to regain his youth so that he might longer enjoy the beauties of life at his home, Casa Blanca, where he lived as Governor of Porto Rico.

Hearing of the fabled fountain of youth reputed to be located in Florida, he set off to find it but instead found death at the hands of a band of Indians.

His body was brought back and is interred in the cathedral whose squatty towers loom above the Moorish roofs to the northwest of San Juan's principal plaza.

Take a late-winter peep at the "Isles of June" — the Bahamas — where even as you read this the luckier mortals are bathing at Paradise Beach (though they may be cursing their luck if their steamer — say, the *Carinthia* — sails for home at five tomorrow afternoon). The Bahamas are a part of the Antilles, as the West Indies were called on old maps showing an extension of a thousand miles west of the Azores. They were thus listed long before Columbus set forth on his history-making voyage. The name is a corruption of "Antilla," or "Antiglie," a mythical land the ancients believed lay north of the present West Indies. The Caribbean is indeed rich in historical memories, as far south as Panama, once a base from which the conquistadors set forth to exploit the New World, today a melting pot of civilization and one of the most cosmopolitan countries in the world.

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OUR ROSTRUM

These columns are open to brief letters commenting upon any article or subject that has appeared in THE FORUM. *Because of space limitations, the Editor must reserve the right to publish letters only in part.*

GERMANS IN AMERICA

To the Editor:

I have been acquainted with your magazine for many years. I read it even in Germany in the reading rooms of the Public Libraries, where the current numbers are on display. I have always considered THE FORUM to be fair and that its policy was to present justly both viewpoints in any discussion. I am happy that I find this to be the fact in my case too and that you are willing to print my answer to the article in the January issue of THE FORUM by S. K. Padover.

Mr. Padover used as the heading for his article the title of my book "Unser Amerika." He further quotes me and my book repeatedly for that which he calls "the Nazi program in the United States." Of course, Mr. S. K. Padover can think and write about me as he pleases. He can also quote those passages from my book which suit best his purpose, but when he writes as on page 4 "Colin Ross of the institute for foreign propaganda" and on page 7 "Ross is an officer of the propaganda institute in Stuttgart" I should like to correct these false statements. I am neither an "officer of the propaganda institute in Stuttgart" (I presume Mr. Padover is referring here to the "Deutsches Auslandsinstitut" in Stuttgart) nor of any other institute of any type. I am neither in the employ of the government, of the Nationalsocialist party, nor of any institution. I am an independent author, a free lance, neither directly nor indirectly do I receive any support from any source. I make my living by the royalties from my books, articles and lectures.

If I am presented to the reader in a wholly false light, through the description of Mr. Padover, then certainly the quotations from my book are calculated to lead the reader still further astray. Mr. Padover has not only chosen his quotations one-sidedly, but he has put sentences and parts of sentences from different sections of the book together into one quotation, in so doing he twisted and distorted the real meaning into a contrary sense to that originally meant. In order to understand the true meaning of those quotations from my book one must know the whole sentence in its original connection, and you would therefore oblige me in publishing the following quotations from my book "Unser Amerika."

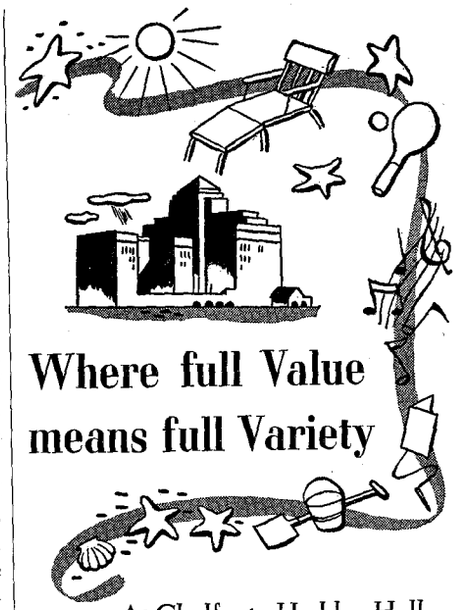
The lines from my book quoted on page 5 by Padover are preceded by this sentence: "My basic emotion, as that of my family, with whom I have spent happy years in America is that of passionate sympathy."

If Mr. Padover understands from my book that I wish to turn those Americans who are of German blood away from their country, that I wish to teach them that "Naziism" is a world movement which would lead to the teutonic domination of the United States, then I ask permission to quote what I have really written in the first pages of my book (pages 14 and 15) about the loyalty which the American of German blood owes in my opinion to his "New Homeland," the United States. I quote: "Germany gains nothing if those of her sons who have forsaken her continue to be aware of their German heritage, for they are now Americans. I cannot warn my compatriots enough that they must never forget this fact. The German blood which has flown into America is lost forever to the German homeland in much more than a political sense. Even if in certain sections of America the inhabitants still cling to the German language, they are no less American than those of their neighbors who speak English.

"This is a bitter fact, which is not easy to be acknowledged. I know from my own experience how long it takes before one can really and deeply comprehend the truth of this statement. I remember my indignation when I read the declaration of the father of the present Victor Ridder, editor of the New Yorker Staatszeitung, whom I knew personally. He said then: 'The German newspapers in America are not German papers, but American newspapers in the German language. They represent American viewpoints in exactly the same manner as those expressed in the English language. It is natural that the Germans here love their old homeland, but their first loyalty is due to that country in which they are living, in which they have established their families and on which all their wishes and hopes are concentrated which they and their children may ever hope to have.'

"Only when he has comprehended this viewpoint and its reasonableness can a German be competent to understand the German American problem and avoid causing more harm than good."

As a conclusion to this first introductory chapter of my book I explain what I mean by "Unser Amerika." I quote from page 17: "We Germans in the old country can only watch the process of transformation as observers, but not altogether impartially; for our hearts will always beat for the people, whose blood is one fourth ours. If these Americans of German stock shall claim their share in the new homeland which is rightly theirs, and if they shall take their share of the responsibility



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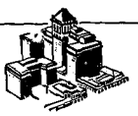

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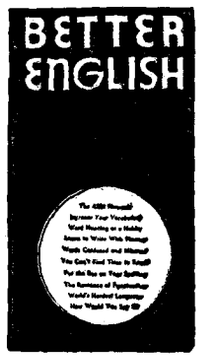

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"Mind your p's and q's" takes us back to the English waterfront tavern. The accounts of patrons were marked on a board under the headings of pints and quarts. A man who couldn't settle his account was told to "mind his pints and quarts," or "p's" and "q's."

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City.....*State*.....

Our Rostrum

in shaping the destiny of their new country, it has not to be done for our sake, but for theirs or rather for the sake of America. We, as German Nationalsocialists shall understand and appreciate it. When we cherish any hope for ourselves, for our old homeland, it is only the hope that this new America will have a deeper and better understanding for what is going on in Germany, for our sufferings and for the things for which we fight. And that it will disregard the whispers and calumny which are encouraged by others in order to disperse enmity between America and us.

"When we, as Germans say 'Unser Amerika,' we are only speaking and thinking of the heritage which those who left their old homeland have carried with them to the new one, a heritage, which has helped to make America the great and free country, which it is. We know, that we have given it to you Americans, freely, gladly and unreserved, and we have only one hope that this heritage may serve to maintain peace between you and us and in the whole world."

From this quotation Mr. Padover removed isolated sentences for his own large quotations on page 7 of THE FORUM. He ends his quotation with several sentences which he has taken so arbitrarily from page 302 of my book.

At the end of this book I emphasize once more, that with the expression "Unser Amerika" I do not understand any claim. I say: "As a father speaks with pride of a son who has attained honor and glory as 'My Son' and acclaims the relationship with no thought of laying claim to any worldly gain which his son may have collected, so we will call the World beyond the Atlantic with an undeniable right 'Unser Amerika.'"

I do not ask you to reprint the correct quotations of my book for my own personal sake, although I will have to admit that the damages which the article by Mr. Padover have done to me are considerable, especially in view of the great distribution of this article, and the fact that parts of it have been reprinted in "Reader's Digest" as well as in numerous newspapers throughout the United States. Several previously arranged lectures which I was to have delivered were canceled, and I became the victim of unjustified attacks. I find much more to be regretted the illfeeling, to put it mildly, aroused by this article among Americans of German descent who know and value my book and who see in Mr. Padover's article a malicious distortion, and who have expressed this to me in many letters. Many American newspapers in the German language have protested against it.

I think I can claim for myself the knowledge that I have always worked for a better understanding between our two countries, not only in my books but also in my articles and lectures. With the same feeling with which I have attempted to create here a better understanding for the situation in Germany, so I have attempted in my lectures in Germany to present America in a favorable light in order that it might be correctly appraised and particularly stressed its good points.

Since I know that you have an understanding of these attempts and since I recognize the Fairness of your magazine I am sending you this reply in the belief that you will reprint it completely, and that the "Reader's Digest" will also reprint it, at least the high points.

COLIN ROSS

New York, N. Y.

RACIAL DISCRIMINATION

(*Americans are quick to condemn foreign states for persecution of minorities, less quick to recognize the racial injustices that indisputably fester within their own boundaries.*)

To the Editor:

. . . . . .

I have been one of your ardent readers in THE FORUM for quite a while. I was very deeply impressed with your article ["Peace at a Price," editorial foreword] in the December, 1938, issue, in which you advocated that something should be done for our Negro population, that opportunities for education and employment should be provided. I am in hearty accord with your statement.

I am a Negro citizen, American by birth, and I have always been a good citizen. I have a fairly decent education but . . . I have not been able to find a place of employment. At that I have not as yet given up hopes of finding a place in society where I can adequately provide a suitable income for my family, which consists of my wife and small son.

. . . . . .

I am a young man with a college education. I have always lived a clean life. I was an athlete when I was in school. . . .

WILLIAM F. BAXTER

Chicago, Ill.

AN APOLOGY

THE FORUM *very much regrets that a proofreader's error in the January issue resulted in the omission of a line from the poem by Kathryn Peck entitled "Your Flaming Blood Is Smouldering in Our Veins." The first two lines of Miss Peck's poem, which won second prize in* THE FORUM'S *recent contest, should have read:*

"Oxen and pony hoof and broken shoe,
The wagon wheel, the rail, the wing, the gear."

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For MEN *who want to become independent in the* NEXT TEN YEARS

IN the Spring of '49 two business men will be sitting in a down-town restaurant. "I wonder what's going to happen next year," one of them will say. "Business is fine now—but the next few years are going to be hard ones, and we may as well face the facts."

The man across the table will laugh.

"That's just what they said back in 1939," he will answer. "Remember? People were looking ahead apprehensively—and see what happened! Since then there has been the greatest growth in our history—more business done, more fortunes made, than ever before. They've certainly been good years for *me.*"

He will lean back in his chair with the easy confidence and poise that are the hallmark of real prosperity.

The older man will sit quiet a moment and then in a tone of infinite pathos:

"I wish I had those ten years back," he will say.

● Today the interview quoted above is purely imaginary. But be assured of this—it will come true. Right now, at this very hour, the business men of the United States and Canada are dividing themselves into two groups, represented by the two individuals whose words are quoted. A few years from now there will be ten thousand such luncheons and one of the men will say:

"I've got what I wanted."

And the other will answer:

"I wish I had those years back."

In which class are you putting yourself? The real difference between the two classes is this — one class of men hope vaguely to be independent *sometime;* the other class have convinced themselves that they can do it within the next few years. Do you believe this? Do you care enough about independence to give us a chance to prove it? Will you invest one single evening in reading a book that has put 400,000 men on the road to more rapid progress?

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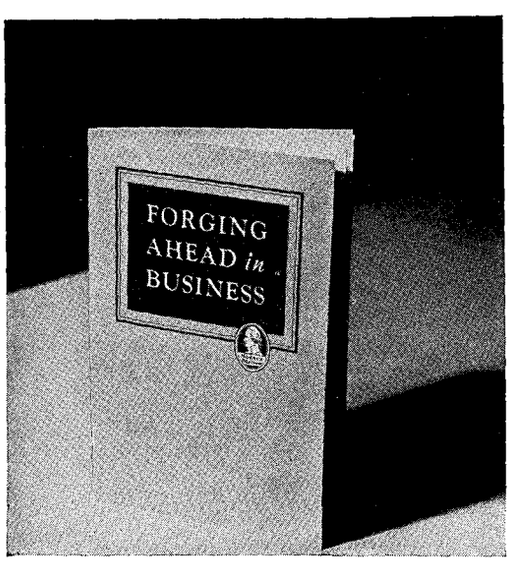

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RATS IN THE LARDER — Joachim Joesten (Putnam, $2.50).

THROUGH EMBASSY EYES — Martha Dodd (Harcourt, Brace, $3.00).

REACHING FOR THE STARS — Nora Waln (Little, Brown, $3.00).

ENJOY LIVING — Robert Haven Schauffler (Dodd, Mead, $3.00).

AMERICA BEGINS AGAIN — Katherine Glover (Whittlesey, $2.75).

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF POPULATION — Raymond Pearl (Oxford, $3.50).

THE MARXIST PHILOSOPHY AND THE SCIENCES — J. B. S. Haldane (Random, $2.00).

THE SCANDINAVIAN STATES AND THE LEAGUE OF NATIONS — S. Shepard Jones (Princeton, $3.00).

HOW TO WRITE AND SELL NON-FICTION — F. Fraser Bond (Whittlesey, $2.50).

A HISTORY OF AMERICAN MAGAZINES, 1865–1885 — Frank Luther Mott (Harvard, $5.00).

THE LAKE OF THE ROYAL CROCODILES — Eileen Bigland (Macmillan, $2.50).

A FEW years before the World War an anonymous book appeared in Denmark entitled *The Day of Doom*. It described realistically, as the first move in the coming European war, the seizure of Copenhagen, overnight, by the Germans — without the loss of a life. In 1914, however, Denmark escaped, and Belgium bore the first onslaught of Teutonic fury. But a similar fate for Denmark in the next European war is now predicted in a book not by a Dane but by a former foreign newspaper correspondent in Denmark, Joachin Joesten, author of *Rats in the Larder*.

In New York City we have our Nazis policing their own mass meetings but we have yet to see a Nazi bomber appearing to police our military maneuvers. Denmark and her larder of butter, bacon, and eggs is nearer Germany. According to Mr. Joesten the rats are very busy indeed in that larder. He cites dates and places, chapter after chapter, of all manner of German meddling in Danish affairs, with the meticulous detail of a doctor's dissertation and the passionate zeal of a prosecuting attorney. His facts we are unable to check, but his style is rather intemperate, as though history must be as thrilling as a detective story.

Everyone agrees that the people of Denmark are most democratic and that their foreign policy is strict neutrality; it is further agreed that their military equipment is about their least concern. Mr. Joesten's chief complaint is that their government does, in fact, spend enough on the naval defenses of Copenhagen and the Danish west coast to make it difficult for Russia or Great Britain to land troops, whereas Copenhagen is not defended from air attack and the southern border is open to German troops on the march. This he attributes to the pressure of German politics and the too conciliatory attitude of the Danish government.

The Danes will not decorate Mr. Joesten for his critique. Will they order more antiaircraft guns and make the German frontier look a little less like the boundary between Canada and the United States? Probably not. Diplomacy and military policy cannot always be rigorously consistent on a small plot of land between the devil and the deep blue sea. The Danes, who still live under the spell of their traditional age of "Frodi's Peace," are about the shrewdest diplomatists on the face of the earth. They have got away with miracles.

At any rate, to the casual visitor this winter, Denmark is still the land of thrift and contentment, of quiet voices in street and field, and of jolly and copious newspapers that give one all the news of the whole world that's fit to print.

H. G. L.

PROBABLY no American girl, fresh from college and poised for adventure, has a more exciting and important story to tell than has Martha Dodd. Shortly after she left the University of Chicago, she found herself in Berlin, where her quiet history-professor father turned out to be one of the most courageous ambassadors ever to buck a fascist state. Her four years' intensive and inside study of Naziism are the considerable essence of *Through Embassy Eyes*. Since these memoirs come from an extraordinarily frank and feminine young person, they are more marked by charm than by caution.

Miss Dodd knew Putzi Hanfstaengl, and the head of the secret police. She witnessed the Reichstag-fire trial and frequented the gaudy parties of Berlin, both official and off-the-record. And everywhere she gathered material for her acute portraits of diplomats, Nazis, and, incidentally, her own family (which was so

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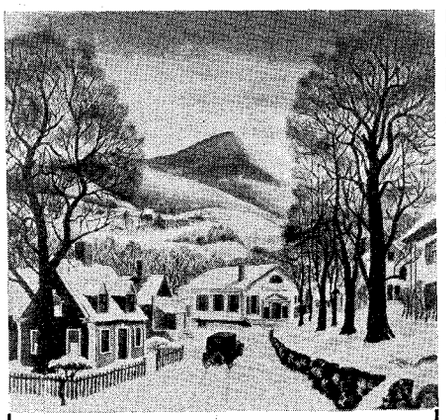

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—*William Soskin,*
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The Book Forum

simple and traditionally American as to be an embarrassment to half the rulers of Europe).

Starting with only the foggiest idea of what Herr Hitler was up to and filled with a general good will toward anything new or experimental, Miss Dodd ended her four years abroad with some very definite convictions. She is emphatic, not only in condemnation of Berlin, but in friendliness to all who oppose its policies; and her contempt for the anti-Semites she observed in Germany extends to those she begins to see operating more openly in this country. All of which adds up to an excellent and documented piece of informal history that should give some sleepless nights to reader and written-about alike.

ANOTHER American woman, Nora Waln, knows the average run of German folk as well as Martha Dodd knows the rulers of the Third Reich. Sensitive and full of compassion for the unhappy millions of dictatees, she writes in *Reaching for the Stars* a very graceful record of her recent long stay among them.

Because she is a tender and observant nature-lover, Miss Waln reminds us over and over that the German earth is still fresh and fertile and capable of giving renewed strength to people who dwell on it. Her observation of the life vigorously stirring within the rigid pattern of contemporary government is specific, sensuous, and fused into a unified personal narrative. The almost forgotten guide-book kind of pleasure runs through her book — the lore of wine making, the persisting customs of the countryside — and as counterpoint to it all is the music which was her husband's pursuit during their residence.

No device could be more effective than the contrast Miss Waln draws between the vital and the vicious. She never argues against Naziism — she tells the story of the great pianist who, because he said, "I am an artist," in answer to a query about his politics, had to leave the country. She is a Quaker, and so has been schooled in seeing the goodness in human beings. But the pacifist in her has not kept her from being a partisan of Germans against Nazis. Like Miss Dodd, she came away with some positive beliefs. Her essential faith in the resilience of mankind makes her book one of the few notes of optimism coming from a distraught Europe.

WE'VE never had time for a serious workout on any of the current systems of winning success and happiness, so it's not quite fair to hand on an opinion about Robert Haven Schauffler's *Enjoy Living.* Nevertheless, the book seems to these innocent eyes to make sense. What is

MARTHA DODD

daughter of ex-Ambassador William E. Dodd, writes the

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The Book Forum

more, it is thoroughly delightful reading, whether you take the author's recipes to heart or not.

To begin with, he quashes any Calvinistic notion that virtue resides in the miserable practice of worry about your own trespasses or the world's. Take thought, to be sure, but, if you can't figure things out, go off and get some fresh air — literal or mental or both.

Mr. Schauffler also has a juicy lot of suggestions for improving your public and private relations, and he provides immediate and long-term programs for curing fear, depression, ennui, or plain exasperation. The core and seed of the method are mental exercises called "autosuggestion," first broadcast across this country by the earnest little old French chemist, Coué. But, for the sake of speed and convenience, Mr. Schauffler proposes that you develop a sort of shorthand manner of self-correction. Thus, instead of thinking, "I am going to be more systematic," you can accomplish the job better by firmly reminding yourself, "Sys-sys-sys!"

If practice of this kind is responsible for so amiable a product as *Enjoy Living*, it seems to be worth at least a try.

KATHERINE GLOVER'S *America Begins Again* is the story of our natural resources, their waste and possible conservation; and everyone over the age of twelve should be argued or cajoled into reading it. That's no chore, either, for Miss Glover writes with an unhurried confidence and with a charm that serve to make her material as engrossing as it is vital.

Conservation isn't a new idea — Caesar's legions found the Swiss practicing it — but there are still a lot of people who think it an expensive falderal, invented by politicians and visionaries. As a matter of harsh, unsentimental fact, we'll have to do an enormous stint of conserving just to keep our grandchildren in victuals, to say nothing of handing down adequate supplies of oil, metals, and even well water. Already 57 per cent of our crop land, for example, has been damaged by erosion that carries off 3,000,000,000 tons of topsoil every year. Floods and dust storms, which, unlike tidal waves, are man-made catastrophes, may be expected to increase — unless dams, reforestation, and scientific crop planting can be quickly got in operation.

In spite of her rather frightening figures, Miss Glover gives us no Jeremiad. She outlines instead splendid work already accomplished by various government agencies and illustrates it with warm human stories. Her arguments are so reasonable and uncontentious that even the Governor of Vermont could not take offense, so challenging that you'll want to go right out and begin planting trees on the nearest hillside.

A KIND of book this department finds all too seldom is *The Natural History of Population*, by Raymond Pearl. Here, between one set of covers, you have material that both layman and specialist can savor. The pages do have that slightly formidable look of careful, detailed research; but there is also plenty of cream to skim off in the lucidly presented conclusions.

As long ago as 1767, an Englishman named Short was worrying about the effect on population of the "wicked art of preventing Conception." But it was not until the twentieth century that the world-wide decline in fertility began to make itself apparent. With the causes and consequences of this Professor Pearl's book is concerned.

It is now a pretty generally known fact that the intellectual and professional groups in society do not come anywhere near reproducing themselves; and we have had scarehead articles from pro- and anti-birth-control specialists alike. But, Professor Pearl points out, contraception is only one part of the complex question of population and probably not so important a one as we have been led to believe. Increasing concentration of people in cities, for example, has serious ramifications you would not suspect.

Alarming though the population problem is, still he does not believe the experts are going to solve it. "On the whole," he concludes, "man's only chance of coming successfully through the ghastly mess he is plainly in for would seem to lie . . . in the fact that he has shown himself in the past to possess somewhat greater innate powers of adaptability than any organism ever known."

IT is perfectly possible, without being a Mohammedan, to admit that Mohammed was the greatest man of his time," argues J. B. S. Haldane, and applies the thought to the originator of the theories he discusses in *The Marxist Philosophy and the Sciences*. Or, to put it another way, the concept of dialectical materialism is like the weather: you may or may not like it, but it exists and has greatly affected the world of our time.

Quickly narrowing the study to his own field of science, Professor Haldane shows, in his always facile prose, how he believes Marxism has helped his work and can help the work of others. He finds in nature the same tensions and conflicts that exist in human society and he maintains that they work in the same way to produce change. With pungent and provocative examples, he continues here his career of bringing modern science in understandable form to the man in the street.

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The Book Forum

ADD one more to the list of books about Sweden, Norway, and Denmark that rouse in the reader a mixture of wonder and wistful thinking. In *The Scandinavian States and the League of Nations*, S. Shepard Jones recounts the efforts toward maintaining peace which have been made by these three sturdy and sensible nations.

That the League turned out to be a feeble instrument against force may have embittered the Scandinavians, but it has not yet shaken their confidence that really bright people need not go to war. They have their own recent history to prove it. There is something very moving in this story of their activities before and at Geneva, where they tried bravely to act as "an ever-alert conscience to the Great Powers." It is a story told here for the first time, and told with a fitting quiet conviction.

EVERYBODY is supposed to have within him the makings of one good piece of fiction, but there's no such limit to the articles, features, or columns an observant human being can produce. For those who have a quick eye and a moderate gift of language, *How to Write and Sell Nonfiction*, by F. Fraser Bond, will be a useful and stimulating guide.

With admirable directness Dr. Bond lays all his tricks on the table. Type by type he analyzes popular articles and books from not only the writer's but also the editor's and reader's point of view. He discusses markets and gives the most practical hints we have seen on how to slant your work for a definite magazine or public. He even goes into the hazardous business of writing humor. And always he salts his advice well with anecdote and example.

THE history of literature is constantly rewritten, as is the history of literature's many component parts. Typography, even, is chronicled. But, midway between the writer and the type face that finally releases his word to an audience, there is a vehicle whose importance it is the distinction of Frank Luther Mott to understand and describe. Magazines are his obsession. So far as we know, he is the only man to have made a science out of knowing their life story.

Volume by volume Professor Mott has unfolded for us their evolution in his *History of American Magazines*. Starting with 1741, he brought his chronicle up to the end of the Civil War in his second book. Now in the third he gives us the magazines of the Gilded Age and all their surroundings. Every extravagance is as thoroughly explored as the pedestrian facts of circulation, policy, and literary utility. For the researcher or for the casual lover of Americana this series is invaluable. Professor Mott has done an almost incredibly able job.

CONFESSING our weakness for any African travel book that comes along, we still believe an impartial observer would give a high mark to *The Lake of the Royal Crocodiles*, by Eileen Bigland.

The author is of that hearty English breed who explore the world for the fun of it — and for the tales of half-comical, half-dangerous adventure that can be told afterward. Her base of operations was a huge estate she calls "Paradise" because it seemed so perfect in natural beauty and in the harmonious relations existing between the white owner and his black neighbors. Although she spent long days eating the lotus beside the crocodile lake, there were occasional forays into the bush, endless encounters with slightly gaga individuals, and an excursion through the copper mines that no other woman has ever attempted.

The whole story runs along in holiday writing of the pleasantest kind — brisk and merry and sometimes rather wickedly clever.

M. L. ELTING

So they say —

I cannot refrain from voicing my high opinion of THE FORUM, in particular the January issue.

To my mind THE FORUM is the one magazine today which publishes material possessing that inspiring quality called by Sir Auckland Geddes "body-soul-spirit."

The three articles that deserve to be placed in the famous cylinder at the World's Fair (to be opened in 5,000 years) are those of Winfred Rhoades, Sir Auckland Geddes, and Ralph M. Pearson.

What wealth of beauty, hope, courage, faith, wisdom do these men express!

— ANN WHITELAW

New York City

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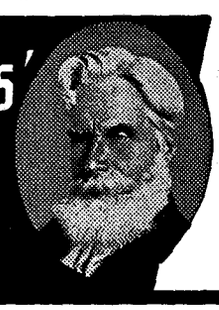

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